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The Shape of Things

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HAVING PASSED THE TAX AND RELIEF BILLS Congress has concluded its labors for the year. The delay of almost two weeks in the conference report on the tax measure permitted a few bills to be enacted that would otherwise have been lost, but the results, on the whole, were disappointing. Among the measures rushed through at the last moment were the Walsh-Healey bill restricting government contracts to sellers who conform to NRA labor standards, the Robinson-Patman anti-chain-store bill, and the vicious ship-subsidy bill, which goes even beyond the present law in its indefensible bounties to indigent shipowners. In retaining the principle of graduated taxation on undivided earnings, the tax bill itself turned out to be far more satisfactory than had generally been anticipated. But whatever pleasure can be derived from this achievement is more than offset by the waylaying of the housing and food-and-drug bills. The fate of the Wagner housing bill in the Administration-controlled House, following the report that the Democratic platform will contain a strong housing plank, has led to the interesting suggestion that the Democrats build their platform on the reforms which the President has abandoned under pressure. This would enable the party to recapture all the idealism of the President's social-security speech of two years ago, to come out for the protection of share-croppers, to stand for genuine social taxation, and to renew the drive against Wall Street domination of our national life.

*

THE GENTLE ART OF HOW TO KILL A BILL WAS demonstrated in the House last Saturday night when the Copeland food-and-drug bill went down to defeat. Although by no means perfect, the bill was the best that had been offered since the proposal first appeared in the original Tugwell version. The Bailey and Vandenberg amendments, pernicious in that they crippled the government's right to proceed against manufacturers of fake patent medicines, had been so modified as to be innocuous. Other good features were provisions for quality standards and grade labeling. The bill's chief defect originally was that it gave control of advertising to the Federal Trade Commission, but Senator Copeland amended this in committee so that control was given instead to the Food and Drug Administration under Tugwell's supervision. That was some progress, at least, and in this form the bill sailed through the Senate only to be brought up short with a bump when it reached the House. The bump was Judge

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Ewing Davis of the Federal Trade Commission, acting through Representatives Reece and McReynolds of Tennessee and Kenney of New Jersey. Raising the old cry of "Tugwell" and "rubber stamp," these gentlemen pleaded with the House not to give advertising over to the Tugwell "whip lash" but to "leave it with the Federal Trade Commission and Judge Davis." The House was also exhorted not to allow itself to be ordered around by the Senate, but "to stand up and demand your rights." With this patriotic call ringing in their ears, and in spite of a brave fight put up for the bill by Representative Rayburn of Texas, the House went into division and buried the bill with only "ayes 70, noes 190" in the cold print of the *Congressional Record* as its epitaph.

*

MAXIM GORKI, ARTIST AND REVOLUTIONARY, has died with his work complete. Because of the reach of his sympathies he came more fittingly as a successor to Dostoevski and Tolstoy than his more subtle contemporaries. The raw and terrible facts of existence under the czarist regime made Gorki a revolutionary, and he was active both in 1905 and 1917. As a student of the social scene he was far more realistic than the great novelists on whom he built. Unlike Dostoevski, he was not content to pity the dispossessed and seek mystical justification for suffering. Unlike Tolstoy, he did not analyze the problem of poverty and then turn to religion, purity, and anarchism as ways of escape. Gorki bridged the gap between the old Russia in which he was born and raised and the new Russia in which he believed. His broad kindly face with the inquiring eyes was loved by all writers in Russia. Even when the revolution was young and crude, his influence was on the side of literary tolerance and craftsmanship, and after 1921 he assisted in the cultural interpretation of the revolution. Maxim Gorki was not a writer of the first rank. Yet his influence was immense, and there was a happy fitness about the course of his life. As a young man he was able to spend his energies in the desperate work of the underground movement; the success of the revolution found him, in his maturity, fulfilling the function of an elder statesman among the Russian writers. It is in no small measure due to him that Soviet literature has proved itself through concrete achievements and critical vitality.

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IN DISSOLVING THE IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY and extending an olive branch to Great Britain, President de Valera has apparently abandoned his lifelong struggle for Irish independence. The motives behind his action are obvious. Four years of economic strife with England have shown beyond reasonable doubt that the economic self-sufficiency which must accompany a final break with the Crown would be disastrous. It is true that considerable progress has been made in this direction during de Valera's term. The acreage under wheat has been increased tenfold by subsidies. Numerous small industries have arisen by the aid of bounties and extremely high import duties. But Ireland's greatest industry—cattle-raising—has been reduced to utter ruin in the process. The slender capital reserves of the country have been depleted by the persistent adverse balance of payments. Moreover, the wholesale subsidies which have been granted the small farmers have encouraged a growing agrarian radicalism. The lower ranks of the church contain dozens of local "Father Coughlins" preaching against landlords, banks, and the government. While de Valera has never been a champion of the big landowners, he knows that Ireland is in no condition for a revolution in land ownership. He doubtless feels that peace with England, though personally repugnant to him, will give him strength to institute a program of gradual land reform. In reaching this decision, however, he appears to have overlooked one factor. His use of fascist tactics to suppress the I. R. A. will almost certainly alienate his progressive supporters and throw him into the camp of the reactionaries—thereby eliminating any chance of fundamental reform.

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THE PRESIDENT COULD SCARCELY HAVE chosen a more unfortunate moment to discover that the war between Italy and Ethiopia is over. While it would obviously be contrary to the spirit of the neutrality act to continue the temporary restrictions which it imposes as a punitive measure against the aggressor, the fact that the United States was the first to acknowledge Italy's conquest gives rise to at least a suspicion that we are deliberately aiding Britain in its efforts to wreck collective security. Since no action had been taken in the seven weeks which had elapsed since the flight of Haile Selassie, there was no apparent necessity, apart from a desire to aid Baldwin, for removing the embargo before the meeting of the League Assembly on June 30. Fortunately, however, the damage is not irreparable. It is still possible to allay the suspicion that we are seeking to undermine the League by an emphatic statement of non-recognition of Italy's sovereignty over Ethiopia. Non-recognition is a distinctively American policy. Secretary Stimson initiated it in connection with the conquest of Manchuria—over a year before the establishment of Manchoukuo—and it was reaffirmed by the present Administration in the anti-war pact signed at Montevideo in 1933. With Argentina pressing for the adoption of this principle by the League Assembly, any hesitancy on the part of the United States is bound to react against us most unfavorably at the forthcoming pan-American peace conference. The President has not hesitated to take the initiative in lifting the embargo; he is under obligation to be equally positive in making it clear that the United States will not condone aggression.

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DR. FRANK N. D. BUCHMAN, STREAMLINED revivalist who prefers to hold his "house parties" in high-toned summer resorts and is prepared to herd the richest camels through the needle's eye provided they join the Oxford Group, arrived in Philadelphia last week to help the Democrats. He and his associates came straight from "helping" the Republicans in Cleveland. Dr. Buchman did not state what success he met with in the attempt to push the elephant through the needle's eye, but he was full

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of advice for the Democrats. He said his hypothetical answer to any hypothetical question from any hypothetical delegate about the platform would be, "I'd let God write your platform." The thing can be arranged by "getting in touch" with God, for whom Dr. Buchman seems to be public-relations counsel in a nice way. So far the writing of the Democratic platform has been conducted on a strictly mundane basis, and the donkey has not applied for admission to Dr. Buchman's heavenly circus. Meanwhile the good doctor, who would rather hear about a fellow-man's more cardinal sins than be President, has presented his credentials in the form of a telegram from the Stockbridge group of his society. It reads in part as follows: "Shoe leather wearing out from activity and progress. Life-changing becoming epidemic." Dr. Jim Farley, like Dr. Buchman, is above "race, creed, or religion." He would not hesitate to use "God-control," floating power, or plain political patronage to get Roosevelt reelected. But Dr. Buchman will have to prove that he can change votes as well as lives before he can hope to become spiritual adviser to the Democratic National Committee.

*

WE HEAR THAT THE TVA IS ABOUT TO BE reorganized. It would be a great pity if the reorganization should result in any injury to the cultural side of the undertaking, more especially to the readjustment in the lives of the inhabitants of the region immediately affected by this tremendous development. The three main divisions of the TVA work have been the building of the dams and the engineering equipment, the distribution of power, and the agricultural development, especially in the creation of fertilizers. But besides this there has been the work of the forestry department, the fisheries, the resettlement projects, school developments, rehousing, and other activities. The temptation of the new business administrator and coordinator will probably be to make great savings. If he should reduce the cultural work for purposes of economy, the results would be serious. After all, the purpose of the TVA is not only to produce and sell a given amount of power but also to bring prosperity, progress, and education to a population which, for want of economic opportunities, has been among the most backward in this country.

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THERE IS MORE TO THE REMINGTON-RAND strike than meets the eye of the newspaper reader. What appears to be a strike for higher wages, with the company threatening to close the plants unless the strikers return to work, is in reality a strike against the closing of the plants. Some time ago the workers began to hear rumors that the company was planning to concentrate all its operations in Elmira, New York, using the old Willys-Overland plant in that city. The alarm created by this rumor was increased by the fear of an anti-union drive by the company, since Elmira is known to be an open-shop town. Repeated attempts to get a definite statement from the company on this question resulted in the complete invisibility of James H. Rand, who practically is the company, and evasive replies from his subordinates. Hence the strike. It has been complete in spite of the company's statements to the contrary. Labor in this industry is largely skilled, the proportion in the Middletown, Ilion, and Syracuse plants being as high as 80 per cent. And because of the threat of removal, business interests in the six towns where the strike is in progress are sympathetic to the strikers. If the workers can hold out they stand a chance to win, but the company's tactics—which have included sending home tool-boxes, soaping factory windows, and putting up "for sale" signs—have had the calculated bad effect on their morale. It is an ugly fight, which proves again, among other things, how desperately labor needs a good publicity service to challenge the misleading propaganda of employers.

*

STEEL IS GOING UP—IN PRODUCTION, IN price, and in "labor trouble." It was rumored, just before the Committee for Industrial Organization sent 200 organizers into the steel towns, that even steel wages were going up 10 per cent (the employers had previously announced vacations with pay), but that rosy rumor, like collective bargaining through company unions, has not materialized. Meanwhile the companies are having trouble from another source. President Roosevelt has ordered the Attorney General to take action against what the New York *Times* calls with marvelous restraint "alleged" monopolistic practices in the steel industry. The President acted on the recommendations of the Federal Trade Commission, which discovered after an investigation that there was "reasonable ground to believe that the anti-trust laws have been violated" through collusive bidding. A few days earlier Secretary Ickes announced that a contract for almost a million and a half pounds of steel piling would be withheld from the Jones and Laughlin Company because that company had been found guilty of unfair labor practices by the National Labor Relations Board. Perhaps, as the *Times* hinted, the President's letter was deliberately timed to follow by a few days the anti-trust declarations at Cleveland. But along with Secretary Ickes's ruling, it will prove helpful to workers in the big industries—in steel, rubber, and automobiles—who are just beginning to challenge the power of the great corporations. The workers need public support as well as the money and expert services of the C. I. O.—$500,000 is not much with which to organize a five-billion-dollar industry. The Ickes ruling, incidentally, is an excellent example of the ways in which a left democratic government might actually enforce democracy.

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THE SPRINGS OF AMERICAN ART BOTH present and future have been set running in hundreds of communities through the activities of the WPA projects in the decorative arts, the theater, music, and writing. Both individual participation and community interest have been quickened, and there has even been a start toward that decentralization of art and of artists which alone can make painting and music and the theater an integral part of the social environment of everyone rather than the privilege of the few. In view of this genuinely important

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development, the statement of Aubrey Williams, assistant WPA administrator, that the art projects may be curtailed is bad news. Mr. Williams also spoke of "greater local control," which is even worse news. For local and regional traditions, designs, and talent, in a word, the materials of which a national art must be made, are likely by reason of their very familiarity to be neglected by local arbiters of such matters. At least in the case of the federal art project, federal supervision and control have led to a stressing of these factors, that is, to localization in the best sense. It would be most unfortunate if this control were shifted to local bodies at all exposed to political winds—and what local body would not be? If the art projects cannot be expanded, let them at least be maintained at their presesnt level; and above all let them remain under federal jurisdiction as long as it is as intelligent as it has been so far.

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READING *THE NATION* OF THE SIXTIES WE find it hard to decide whether the world has progressed or has simply spent its time treading water. But after each dip into the past we do come away with the impression that the more it changes, the more it stays the same. In the sixties seamen were on strike in New York, Presidents were accused of abusing the executive power, and war scares rumbled over Europe. But we wish our readers to see for themselves. From time to time they will find, on the last page, excerpts from *The Nation* of seventy years ago.

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REPRESENTATIVE TOM BLANTON OF TEXAS will, we assure our readers, have scant chance of being placed on *The Nation's* honor roll. A vindictive red-baiter, an enemy of labor, an anti-Semite of the least attractive kind, he bullies the House like Mickey McGuire. He would be merely a nuisance were it not for the fact that he has power. As chairman of the subcommittee on appropriations for the District of Columbia, he holds the District in his hands, and it was he who last year tacked on to the appropriations bill the notorious "red rider" forbidding the teaching of anything pertaining to the Soviet Union or communism in Washington schools. His latest effort has been to send to all D. C. teachers a questionnaire demanding, under a veiled threat of a personal investigation, their answers to such questions as the following: "Do you believe in communism? Do you believe there is a God? Do you approve of the writings of Dr. George S. Counts and Dr. Charles A. Beard? Have you been in Russia?" It is common knowledge in the capital that "Blah Blah Blanton" will use the questionnaire as ammunition in the fight to retain his "red rider." The Sisson bill for repeal of the rider he successfully sabotaged this year. But the progressive bloc in Congress has given fair warning that it intends to put up a hard battle for passage of the bill early next session. Should the Sisson bill win, the House may yet congratulate itself on delivering a long-delayed castigation to a man who, as was once said of another member of Congress, "enjoys the unique distinction of combining in his single person all the disadvantages attaching to the democratic form of government."

Crackpots and Bourbons

THE Democrats assembled at Philadelphia must have some of the feeling of the Light Brigade when it was ordered to charge at Balaklava. They have the Lemke-Coughlin-Townsend cannon to the left of them, the Smith-Colby-Reed-Ely cannon to the right of them, while in front of them the Landon-Hamilton-Hearst forces volley and thunder. Despite the panic that this may be causing in the breasts of the more timid among Mr. Roosevelt's followers, nothing more useful for the long-run future of American politics could have happened. Coming on the eve of Philadelphia the Lemke candidacy and the Smith message cannot help having an effect on the Democratic platform. It will undoubtedly shape more to the left than would otherwise have been the case—on labor, housing, the farm plank, holding companies, and the Supreme Court. Mr. Roosevelt, moreover, when brought to bay, knows how to put up a good fight—provided his heart is in it. And this sort of personal attack is something he can understand and meet, even when he fails to grasp the deeper social movements and aspirations and the more subtle economic forces that he has to contend with.

Of the two flank attacks the one from what is generally presumed to be the left is undoubtedly the more serious. Father Coughlin and his allies have sought to combine under one banner all the major crackpot movements America has seen in the past decade. America has always been a happy hunting ground for political messiahs. A really thoughtful student of American history should have been able to foretell that a long and severe depression would create a paradise for the crackpots before it ever brought the development of a genuine radical-progressive movement. The new Coughlin coalition seeks to bring together currency cranks, inflationists, old-age pensionites, share-the-wealthers, and every other sect on the lunatic fringe of American politics. In itself such a fusion would have little chance of effectiveness. For the one thing certain about a crackpot is that he seeks a sole and sovereign splendor: he can brook neither competition nor alliance in his salvation-mongering. The whole Union Party movement under the Lemke candidacy must be regarded first of all as an elaborate contrivance for providing Father Coughlin with a come-back. Lemke himself is only a stooge, willing to play into Coughlin's hands or any others' for the sake of this brief moment of front-page publicity and statement-making splendor. Whether Coughlin, Gerald Smith, and Townsend, who are thus using Lemke, are stooges for someone else still, is a thornier question. Any Congressional committee investigating the sources of campaign funds in the 1936 election would do well to inquire particularly into the financing of the Union Party.

Nothing is clearer than that the campaign policy of the Republicans is "divide and conquer." But the dismal failure of Al Smith's Liberty League speech last January and the patently fascist attempt of the Talmadge-Kirby convention to rally the Democratic bourbons have taken the sting out of the message of the five disappointed Democrats.

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What is the nature of that message? It is one of the brashest and most poisonous political documents in the annals of American politics. It appeals to the Democratic delegates, in the name of the Democratic Party and its traditions, to throw over the Roosevelt leadership, disavow the New Deal, and hurtle back into the arms of the vested interests. It is unhistorical, insincere, frustrate. It is unhistorical because two of the three great Democrats whose memory it invokes—Jefferson and Jackson—were far more radical in their day than Franklin Roosevelt in his. It is insincere because the precious five who signed the appeal must have known that any hope of turning the convention against Roosevelt was fantastic. It is frustrate because the platform and policy that it recommends—laissez faire, budget balancing, abandonment of relief, national isolationism, and a rigid upholding of the Supreme Court decisions—would have been too reactionary even for the Republicans at Cleveland to adopt. The message can appeal only to those Democrats who are already in the Republican camp, and its final effect will be to stiffen the Roosevelt ranks and make clearer the essential bond that ties together the bourbons of both parties.

For the meaning of the message goes beyond the individuals who signed it. Democratic newspapers and Roosevelt supporters will insist that it contains only five private grudges. It is true, of course, that Smith, Colby, Reed, Ely, and Cohalan have personal enmities and disappointed ambitions to nourish. Nevertheless, to interpret the message only in this way is to interpret it too narrowly. It is actually a manifesto of bourbon despair. It indicates that a departure from laissez faire toward government control such as the New Deal program embodied cannot take place without having its results for the party alignment. It is, in its way, a voluntary party purge—and a healthy one. It is a purge that should, with the years, go farther. The Democratic Party will be divided and confused until it has purged itself of its Carter Glasses, its Joe Robinsons, its Byrds and Blantons. For its historic role will be to mediate between the desperate reactionaryism of the Republicans on the one hand and the rising strength of the coming labor party on the other. It is a cruel role and eventually a hopeless one, but history offers no easy choices.

One question remains: What is the connection between the crackpots and the bourbons? One obvious connection, of course, is that both of them will give joy to Landon and Hearst and that both are part of the "divide and conquer" policy. But in a deeper sense they are part of capitalist confusion in a period of crisis. It is no accident that the two Smith Brothers—Gerald and Al—are taking a walk practically arm in arm. Gerald Smith and his Share-the-Wealthers are symbols of the betrayal of the people that takes place in the break-up of capitalism. They are leaders of movements that might have been genuinely people's movements and swelled the strength of an agrarian-labor alignment. Instead of that they are lending themselves to the purposes of Al Smith, Jouett Shouse, and John Hamilton. The only consolation we can draw is that, to head these movements off, the platform at Philadelphia will be made a bit more palatable to those who care about American democracy—with a small *d*.

Making the World Safe for Aggressors

MR. EDEN'S ignominious surrender on sanctions marks the end of a valiant but abortive effort to build a system of collective security. The statesmen of the world have failed in their first attempt to establish a technique whereby international law could be enforced against potential war-makers. Their failure cannot be attributed to any inherent defect in the method applied. Technically, sanctions have succeeded beyond the wildest dreams of the advocates of collective security. True, they did not prevent Italy from overrunning Ethiopia. But no one believed for a moment that the weak measures adopted in Geneva last October would bring Italy to its knees within nine months. The most that could be hoped for was a gradual pressure on the Italian economy which would serve as a warning to would-be aggressors in the future. This the League might yet accomplish if it were not for Britain's indefensible reversal in policy. Recent statistics issued by the League secretariat show that Italian exports for the first three months of 1936 to all countries, including the non-sanctionist nations, were $28,000,000, as against $56,000,000 in the same period of 1935. Imports of key war materials—rubber, iron ore, scrap steel, aluminum, nickel, and tin—fell to practically zero after February. Though exact figures are lacking, Italy's gold reserve appears to have been cut in half between October and March. Owing to the mildness of the sanctions, the losses have not been severe enough to bring Mussolini to terms, but they have been far from inconsequential.

Yet at the very moment when Italy is beginning to feel the pressure of the penalties, and possibly because it is beginning to feel it, sanctions are to be dropped. Mussolini is to be told, in effect: "We don't approve of your crime, but since you have shown yourself so proficient in brigandage we shall have to change our laws so as to make your actions legal." As an excuse for this shameless disregard of the popular demand for collective law, Eden used the same argument resorted to by Sir Samuel Hoare last December—that sanctions mean war.

Perhaps the most disquieting element in the situation is the fact that the British government, for once, appears to realize the full implications of its stand. Baldwin quite evidently recognizes that the breakdown of collective action against Italy carries with it the collapse of all hopes of stopping Nazi aggression. Or perhaps it might be more accurate to say that he is no longer interested in preventing a Nazi attack so long as it is directed toward the East. For how else are we to interpret Baldwin's suggestion that Germany, France, and Britain work side by side for "peace" in Europe? He knows full well that such a policy is fundamentally inconsistent with the Franco-Soviet pact, and that it is exactly what Hitler has been seeking for the past three years. He knows that to give Hitler a free hand means war, but hopes that by conciliating Germany he can confine the struggle to Eastern Europe. It is surpris-

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ing enough that the head of a democratic and law-abiding country should take such an attitude, but it is even more amazing that it should be adopted under the most humiliating of conditions. Six weeks have passed since the British government dispatched a number of very specific and pointed questions to the German government. The fact that no answer has been forthcoming suggests, at least, that no answer is possible. In the face of this snub it is incredible that Baldwin should go out of his way to declare that he accepts Hitler's profession of peace at its face value, and little short of terrifying that he should make himself a semi-official apologist for Nazi policy.

The situation is desperate, but not completely without hope. Six months ago the outlook appeared equally dark. On that occasion the situation was saved, not by statesmen, but by an overwhelming and spontaneous outbreak of public opinion. It is not impossible that another such storm may put a stop to Baldwin's latest betrayal. Supporters of the Labor and Liberal parties in England, normally constituting at least 60 per cent of the voting strength of the country, are outraged by the Tory government's perfidy. Some expression of indignation may also be expected from the small nations, whose very existence is threatened by the encouragement of aggression. While the problems are more difficult and more complex than at any other time since the World War, the forces of opposition to war and fascism are far more effectively organized than they were a year or even six months ago. The past few months have seen the ratification of the Franco-Soviet and the Soviet-Czecho-Slovakian pacts, and have witnessed the emergence of a united-front government in France which is resolutely anti-fascist. In addition, there are millions of persons in the democratic countries who are organized to support the principle of collective security.

It is from these groups rather than from existing tory governments that the hope for peace comes. If the last few months have taught us anything, it is that imperialism and collective security are mutually incompatible. It is very well to say that the future of the British Empire is dependent on the preservation of peace. But it is also dependent on the preservation of the principle of imperialism. And when these two interests clash, there can be no doubt of the outcome. The dropping of sanctions against Italy was not the most powerful blow which England has struck against collective security; a far more serious blow was delivered when Baldwin took it upon himself to send the British fleet into the Mediterranean and thus to transform what should have been a collective struggle against aggression into what became essentially an Anglo-Italian conflict. It may or may not be possible to build a collective system in a world of competing empires, but it is evident that the struggle for peace cannot be confined to this objective. A realistic reappraisal of the situation is essential. If there is to be law in the international field, it must be collectively enforced; but at the same time we must recognize the necessity for eliminating the basic inequalities and injustices which lie at the root of the war system; we must also strive within national boundaries to curb the power of those whose interests make for war. The task is herculean, but we dare not give way to despair.

Things We Didn't Expect

A FEW unexpected gleams of humor have lately fallen athwart the pervading gloom of the world's news, startling us almost as much as sunshine in London did Artemus Ward. There was that item, for instance, about the zeal of the Philadelphia police in assembling 10,000 photographs from the rogues' galleries of the country for reference during the forthcoming Democratic convention. We wondered whether the idea was to insure a strictly amateur performance. Another and not wholly dissimilar move was the founding of a club of authentic noblemen in the city of New York, having as one of its avowed objects to "facilitate those who want commercial contacts in a dignified manner." Which seems to mean that the club will try to see to it that advertisers (and heiresses?) in the market for titles get real titles, and that real title-holders pocket the returns. A noble purpose! There ought to be a law.

And speaking of law, we note that our esteemed contemporary, the London *New Statesman and Nation,* refers to the Supreme Court's decision on the Guffey act as "the Guppy decision." This gives us a bright idea. The guppy, as everyone knows, is a small fish which reproduces viviparously instead of oviparously, like all really well-conducted fish. Clearly something ought to be done about it. The Supreme Court has invalidated about everything else. Why not the guppy?

Turning from law and icthyology to medicine, we note the winged, not to say flighty, words of Dr. Wagner, official *Führer* of the *gleichgeschaltet* German medical profession: "The new German medicine cannot be founded on science in the strict sense of the term but rather on the National Socialist *Weltanschauung* as it affects the fundamental nature and biologic laws of all happenings." From now on, for German measles read *Weltanschauung.*

As good Americans we take a dutiful interest in the activities of our First Lady. It is a bit hard to keep up, but wherever she is we are usually right behind her, spavined and a little windbroken but always interested and eager. We particularly enjoyed that hog-calling contest which she attended out in Illinois the other day. But we confess we were a bit alarmed by reports that she was "going back East with new ideas on how to put on a picnic." One of the things we admire about Mrs. Roosevelt is her hospitality to new ideas. Still we do hope she won't take it into her head to put on a hog-calling contest on the White House lawn, right in the midst of the national trough.

But most of all our daily task of following the news has been lightened by the recent contention of the Associated Press before the United States Circuit Court of Appeals that it is a manufacturer of news. We have wondered now and then, especially back in the days when the A. P. news about Russia was mostly wishful thinking out of Riga, and Lenin was dying in the dispatches with almost monotonous regularity. Our faith is badly shaken. But we could never, never have said of the Associated Press what a cynical friend of ours said—that he had always thought it produced some pretty raw material.

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WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Landon in Kansas

Wall Street, Kansas

Topeka, Kansas, June 21

THE only essential difference between Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Alfred Mossman Landon at the moment is that Roosevelt is in the White House and Landon is here. That is the inescapable conclusion after more than a week of daily conversations with the Republican nominee and after close study of his record and the operations of the Kansas state government which he has headed since 1932. Both men regard the problems of government through the eyes of a fuzzy, uncertain liberalism, and both retreat from their liberal positions in the face of what the conservatives call "practicalities." It may be said that Landon in Kansas has retreated farther than Roosevelt in Washington, but the two spheres of government are so different that they are hardly comparable.

The big question is whether Landon between now and November—or after November, in the unlikely event that he is elected—will retreat still farther. I venture to doubt that he will do so publicly, for his campaign strategists are bent upon proving to the voters that Landon has just as good intentions as Roosevelt and a head a whole lot better. But what commitments will be made behind the scenes is another matter. Landon is a man who always has leaned heavily upon his advisers and who will have to lean still more heavily upon them in future owing to his unfamiliarity with the national problems which confront Presidents and Presidential candidates. And the crew that is being assembled about him is not reassuring.

First, there is John D. M. Hamilton, who, many a Kansan says, "ought to be President instead of Landon." It may be expected that what Landon does will be what Hamilton advises him to do, and Hamilton is Old Guard, a political protege of the late Charlie Curtis and Dave Mulvane. Until Landon got into the governor's chair here, he and Hamilton were political enemies. Today, though he is five years Hamilton's senior, Landon looks up to Hamilton with the admiration of a young boy for his elder brother. He openly refers to Hamilton as "our leader" and eagerly takes a back seat whenever Hamilton puts in an appearance. Nor does he wince when Hamilton says boldly, "I'm running this show."

Hamilton is the same young man who passed the hat in Wall Street last year before it was decided that no big Eastern money was wanted for Landon's campaign *prior* to his nomination. He must have assured the gentry there that Landon would be pliable, once in office, for they—including Winthrop Aldrich, of the Chase National Bank—sent scouts rushing out here to look over Hamilton's entry in the Presidential steeplechase. Soon thereafter checks in large denominations began pouring into Republican Party coffers, where they would not immediately be connected with Landon's campaign. At the moment Hamilton is running around the country seeking more of those checks and rounding up the men who will actually make Landon's campaign for him. The Governor himself appears to know little or nothing about these arrangements, and he fumbles over the names and identities of the recruits arriving here almost daily under marching orders from Hamilton, the new chairman of the Republican National Committee.

Hamilton, a dashing fellow who, unlike Landon, would be at home anywhere in the world, is the son of a man who was general counsel of the Santa Fé in the buccaneering days of American railroading. He himself is a lawyer in partnership here with Ralph H. O'Neil, former national commander of the American Legion. While O'Neil worked the Democratic side of the street, Hamilton has worked the Republican. Landon's "leader" is distinguished as a lawyer chiefly by having a large insurance practice. He represents a national association of insurance companies here and has stood guard over their interests in the Kansas Legislature. A former member and former speaker of that legislature's lower house, he has not held elective office since 1927. He was defeated for the governorship in a 1928 primary fight by Clyde Reed, Landon's candidate. Hamilton says he never has taken any money from utilities.

In the last few days he has dealt several hard blows to the green legend that Landon's victory at Kansas moved control of the Republican Party to the Middle West with

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its Populist traditions. He has picked as his assistant Charlton McVeagh of Armonk, New York, a young man but recently released from the employ of J. P. Morgan and Company. And through McVeagh there has been routed out to Topeka as a member of Landon's "personal campaign staff" Ralph West Robey, an instructor in banking at the Columbia University School of Business Administration. Robey, an orthodox economist who has been sharply critical of the Roosevelt fiscal policies, was for a number of years financial editor of the New York *Evening Post,* when it was a Curtis publication and its financial pages were highly regarded in Wall Street. Some time later —in the early days of the New Deal—he contributed a financial column to the Washington *Post,* published by Mr. Hoover's Eugene Meyer.

One of the latest of the Hamiltonian recruits to the Landon "brain trust" here is E. Ross Hartley, who is to serve as the Governor's press-contact man. Hartley for a long time has been associated with Chicago's Dawes brothers; he was press agent for the Century of Progress exposition and for a considerable time served as secretary to Charles G. Dawes. Another member of the Landon "brain trust," Earl H. Taylor, has been on the scene these past eight weeks disguised as Landon's "political secretary." He is a native Kansan who for the last several years has been employed at Philadelphia as associate editor of the *Country Gentleman,* issued by the Curtis Publishing Company, which also issues the *Saturday Evening Post.*

The very latest addition to the "brain trust" (Landon would like to avoid that title) is Frederick D. Enfield, a Los Angeles attorney and real-estate man apparently recruited through Taylor. Enfield, a virtual unknown, says he is a registered Democrat and voted for Roosevelt in 1932 but has since turned his back on the New Deal because Roosevelt has "lamentably failed" to achieve its avowed purposes. Enfield is a former newspaperman, a former Justice Department lawyer, and a former secretary to a former Congressman from Nebraska, Frank Reavis.

Charles P. Taft, the young Cincinnati lawyer and civic reformer who completes the Landon "brain trust" as it now stands, may be dismissed as Heywood Broun dismissed him months ago, that is, as a conservative trying to be a liberal. He has written an earnest little book called "You and I and Roosevelt" from which Landon seems to have obtained most of his present ideas about the New Deal. Those ideas may be summed up for both men as: There's nothing wrong about the New Deal except the New Dealers. A more accurate statement of their position would be that all the New Deal's avowed objectives and many of its actual operations have been laudable, but maladministration has ruined the whole show and threatens to discredit liberalism in American government, with a resultant shift to sharp reaction. No deep understanding of the New Deal or its problems is disclosed by Mr. Taft's book, and his knowledge of those things is paralleled by Governor Landon's.

None of these Landon "brain trusters" has as yet any precise knowledge as to what his duties are to be. Several of them had never seen the Governor before they reached Topeka and are as much in the dark as to his talents and inclinations as is the rest of the country. Robey, incidentally, expects to operate chiefly as a liaison officer between Landon's headquarters here and the remnants of the Republican National Committee's pre-convention "brain trust" at Washington. He is a friend of Dr. Saxon, its head, whom Hamilton has retained along with its other conservative member. On the other hand he has been getting rid of such leftists as Carpenter, who shocked the Old Guard with an exposition of his views several weeks ago at a private confab in Washington between the Old Guard and its new advisers.

Those members of the Landon campaign staff assigned to combing out of his record the cheaper sort of publicity stuff with which to make ammunition against Roosevelt are going to have at least a few embarrassing moments. They will run, for example, smack into the Finney bond scandal, in which the Governor became involved before he was in office a year. They will discover that in harping on the Republican plank that attacks the Roosevelt Administration for eviscerating the civil service Landon will have to face the fact that the state government he heads has no sort of civil-service system at all; there is a civil-service law on the statute books of Kansas, but neither Landon nor any other governor has seen fit to appropriate the funds to put it in operation.

Governor Landon's reputation as a budget balancer has been so thoroughly established by the Hearst press that Landon's campaign publicists probably will be able to overlook many of the obvious flaws in that record, just as they will certainly try to overlook the effect his economies have had upon the educational and other welfare institutions of the state. When they get around to thwacking Roosevelt for advocating the passage of unconstitutional measures such as the Guffey bill, they will be hampered by a discovery that Landon has done precisely the same thing. There is very little difference between his stand on Kansas's farm-mortgage moratorium law and Roosevelt's stand on the Guffey bill; the advantage, if anything, is with Roosevelt.

The President-makers will have a hard time, too, reconciling Landon's position on the constitutional-amendment issue with his own record on wage-and-hour legislation for women and children; the Kansas Supreme Court years ago ruled out legislation of that sort and he has done nothing to fill the gap. In similar vein they will find his use of troops last year in the lead-mine strike of southeastern Kansas a bit blushworthy, although the Roosevelt record includes at least half a dozen strike-breaking incidents of equal significance. Unquestionably they will be embarrassed by Landon's record as an evangelical, though not personal, dry, and before the campaign is over they may also be embarrassed by his oil connections. They will be hardest put, however, in composing speeches for him that do not sound ridiculous coming from his inarticulate mouth. It is hardly likely that so fumbling a speaker as Governor Landon will be able to convince the electorate that he has up his sleeve a better remedy than Franklin Roosevelt's for unemployment and the nation's other ills.

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The Landon Build-Up

BY FERDINAND LUNDBERG

HEARST is in to stay as an issue in the campaign. Jouett Shouse, president of the Liberty League, indicated in a radio speech on June 20 that the Landon forces intend to meet the charge of Hearstism by tarring Mr. Roosevelt with the same brush. He pointed out that it was the ninety California-Texas votes, controlled by the Hearst faction of the Democratic Party, which permitted the Roosevelt nomination in 1932.

Actually, however, Roosevelt can be absolved on his record of Hearst domination. Roosevelt came to the 1932 convention with a majority of delegates but had to face the two-thirds rule. Confronted by the reactionary Smith-Raskob-Shouse forces, the Roosevelt managers either had to throw up the sponge or come to an agreement with the Hearst-McAdoo-Garner crowd which controlled California and Texas. Actually the Roosevelt Administration has shown far greater freedom from the Hearst influence than any Republican Administration since 1908. The Roosevelt measure taxing subsidiaries of holding companies, making it impossible to offset the profits of one company with the losses of another, trod painfully on Hearst's toes.

The Landon tie-up with Hearst is quite different. Unlike Roosevelt, Landon under his own propulsion would have amounted to nothing politically. The way in which Hearst transformed the obscure office-holder and oil operator into a statesman of vision and purpose is the most theatrical achievement of the Hearst organization. The early references to Landon by the New York *Times* in the first half of 1935 were sporadic and tentative. Landon's friends, said the *Times* on July 7, "do not expect him to head the ticket, perhaps; but they believe that if his strength is wisely handled they can make him the nominee for Vice-President and also have much to say in shaping the platform." Landon was not heard of again until Hearst pronounced him the next President of the United States. In a 1,500-word statement for the North American Newspaper Alliance, a *Times* affiliate, on September 30, 1935, Hearst, speaking from San Simeon, launched the Landon boom: "He has a fine war record. He has a clean business record. . . . He has balanced his state's budget. He has reduced taxation. . . . I figure that the Republican Party will have to depend on Governor Landon of Kansas."

The Republican editorial writers received this pronouncement solemnly. Forgotten were the days when they characterized Hearst as "Dirty Willie." Unfortunately, none of the Republican newspapers had anything in their files about Landon. He was truly the Man Nobody Knew. But Hearst could be depended on to correct this.

Hearst chose Damon Runyon, film scenarist of gangland themes, sports commentator, crime reporter, and magazine-fiction writer, to start the Landon build-up. The medium was Hearst's *International-Cosmopolitan* for November, 1935. The Runyon essay was called Horse-and-Buggy Governor. The Governor, said Runyon, is delightfully anarchic about his attire; indeed, as Runyon described him, even a bit trampish. All photographs, of course, show Landon to be the clean-cut executive type, but Runyon's description indicated the sort of person Hearst thought the American voter would prefer.

Landon, said Runyon, loves old clothes. He sits out on the steps of the Executive Mansion in shirt sleeves as passers-by call out, "Hello, Alf." "He likes to get out among the people of the corn belt and talk over practical farming. . . . He is a baseball fan, likes football, and nearly all the forms of sport . . . he is a family man, a clean man, and withal a wholly sane man." He is a "great conversationalist" and "a wonderful harmonizer." He is, indeed, Runyon asserted, "the most engaging personality encountered in years." Occasionally he resorts to "a good solid oath"; he appears at his best in shirt sleeves with collar open; he mingles with the Topeka newspapermen, with whom he plays cards for very, very, very small stakes. He has given up golf as a bit too expensive.

Landon denied being a millionaire, said Runyon, but admitted he was well-to-do. He has been an independent oil operator since 1912, and "oil was in his blood," but Runyon passed over the charges that Landon's oil interests had brought him into close connection with the Standard Oil Company and the Cities Service Company, the latter closely allied to Hearst. He passed over lightly, also, the fact that under Landon the National Guard had been ordered into Cherokee County "to quell disturbances in the zinc and lead region, . . . this does not appear to be set down as a black labor mark against him."

One feature of the Hearst-Runyon portrait seemed deliberately designed for the hard-headed money crowd in the East. This, I feel, was the most important political revelation in the whole article. "A man who succeeded Roosevelt in 1936 would have a tough job and probably would be the most unpopular President in history," said Landon to Runyon. Here was a strange forecast. What would he have to do to be unpopular? Was not Landon promising obliquely that he would be an unpopular President, if elected—that is, that he would economize until it hurt the public and pleased the Liberty League and Hearst?

After the Runyon pastel the next wave of pro-Landon propaganda came when Hearst, on December 10, 1935, on his way to San Simeon in his private railroad car with Arthur Brisbane, Paul Block, and Mrs. Eleanor Patterson, editor of Hearst's Washington *Herald,* paid a visit to Governor Landon. After luncheon Hearst said to the press, "I think he is marvelous. To say I am favorably impressed is to put it very mildly." Block, a Hearst retainer, declared, "He is an even bigger man than I had previously thought."

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Mrs. Patterson said Landon was "just the solid, common type of man we need in the White House." Landon, repeatedly challenged to disavow the Hearst alliance, has remained silent.

How far has Landon committed himself to Hearst? Turning to the autobiography of Carter H. Harrison, five times Democratic mayor of Chicago and given his final term (1911-15) by the grace of Hearst, we find him saying: "Hearst support apparently went only with some sort of pledge." Harrison took "advice" from Andrew M. Lawrence, Hearst's Chicago manager, and admits as much. Other political memoirs contain similar stories of how Hearst support went only to those who made iron-clad pledges. Candidates whom Hearst supported and who refused to be dominated by him invariably broke with him upon taking office. Will Mr. Landon do so if elected?

The Fall of Joe Louis

BY JAMES T. FARRELL

OVER forty thousand people were smeared about the Yankee Stadium to witness the predicted murder of the century. Half-interested, they watched preliminary boxers maul for pork-chop money, and they booed when one decision went to an overgrown Argentine battler. Those in the ringside section glanced around to see and to be seen. Photographers swarmed about, the bulbs attached to their cameras flashing like a miniature electric storm. When asked by cops whom they were shooting they tossed off names from Jack Dempsey down. One policeman remarked that the fight wouldn't last long, that he ought to be getting home early. Everybody waited to see Joe Louis, the "Human Python," slug Max Schmeling into a coma.

Both fighters received loud ovations when they entered the ring. They sat in their corners while celebrities were introduced. Champions past and present lightly leaped over the ropes, shook hands all around, and took their bows. Jack Dempsey received a bigger hand than Gene Tunney, whom the announcer characterized as "an inspiration to the youth of America." Mickey Walker, along with others, was revealed as a "thrill-producer." This formality settled, the fighters were presented, and the announcer exhorted everybody "to cast aside all prejudice regarding race, creed, or color." I suspected a note of patronage in the responding wahoo.

The crowd waited, keen, alert eyes riveted on the green-roped ring. Nervous conversation popped on all sides like firecrackers. On all sides, too, people were asking each other how long before they would see Schmeling, the "dark Uhlan," stretched out. The ring was cleared. Handlers whispered final words to the fighters. The gong! A loud cheer!

Dark-skinned Joe Louis danced and pranced cautiously about the ring facing a man who seemed clumsy. Louis, feinting with the snap of a trained, perfectly coordinated boxer, seemed to possess an almost insolent confidence. He maneuvered to let go with that deadly one-two punch, a left to the body, and a murderous right cross to the jaw, which was calculated to sink Schmeling quickly into a state of retching if temporary paralysis.

"Fight, you bums!" someone yelled from the grandstand behind me.

They sparred and shifted in a first round which went to Louis by a harmless margin. The crowd seemed to be with Schmeling. It coached him, loudly yelling advice and confidential instructions: "Get in there, Max! Bob and weave! That's right! Don't stand up straight! Duck his left, Maxie!"

Near me, there was a thin, cynical-faced chap in a checked grey suit. Peering through binoculars he made himself an unofficial broadcaster for a large area of ringside seats.

"Don't be a bum, Maxie! You're yellow, Max! Fighting the kind of a fight Joe wants you to! Down, there! Bob and weave, bob and weave! . . . Jesus Christ, look at him, standing up straight! Bob and weave! Use that right! Bob and weave!"

Others joined in. "Fight, you Dutch bum!" "Get going, Maxie!" "Make it fast, Louis!" Negroes sprayed through the ringside section and the grandstand shouted, some with hysterical confidence. A frail Negro lad wearing brown trousers and a checked gray coat, kept telling Louis, in a mild voice, to hit him. The second round was cautiously fought. Louis boxed, poised and graceful. Swaying and weaving, Schmeling still seemed clumsy, a man with no right to be in the ring with this black giant.

"He's feeling the Uhlan out. He'll tear in in a round or two."

"He's giving us a run for our money!"

The gong. The lights going on all over the arena. The high-pitched conversation. The seconds expertly working over the men. Again the gong. All lights off except those over the ring. Matches flashing on all sides as cigarettes were lit in the darkness. A loud and long Oh, and everyone leaping up. Schmeling had bounced Louis back with a powerful right.

"Oh, what a bum! He's yellow, Max! Get in there, Max! Polish him off! Dempsey would have killed him!" the gray-suited fellow with the binoculars yelled.

"Retaliate, Louis, retaliate!" the frail Negro, with the gray-checked coat called out. His voice was lost in the shrieks for a knockout.

The fellow with the opera glasses kept yelling that Louis was mad and swinging wild now. Louis was no longer the graceful, panther-like animal prancing around

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in sure expectation of a kill. The fourth round came up. The crowd yelled for blood. Many were asking about Schmeling's eye, which Louis had nicked in the early rounds. Louis went down. He was up immediately, punching wildly. He swung low with his left, landed. He was booed loudly and nastily.

"Hey! Hey! Watch it! Watch it, you!" the fellow with the opera glasses shrieked threateningly.

"Kill him, Max!" a woman cried hysterically from the grandstand.

Now the crowd cheered and exhorted Schmeling. Shaken by surprise at the unexpected turn of the fight, it wanted blood. Here and there Negroes began showing concern. Some were silent; others pleaded with Joe to win. The frail lad with the gray-checked coat meekly begged Louis to retaliate, his words drowned out by successive roars.

And the heart seemed utterly gone out of Joe Louis. Hurt, he floundered. Missing punches, he revealed the manner in which the German's plan of battle was working effectively. Drawing Louis to lead with his left, Schmeling ducked under the Negro, and pegged in solid right-hand smashes. Now many yelled that Louis couldn't take it. After each gong he wobbled about, scarcely able to find his own corner. Loud and gleeful voices announced that the black boy was out on his feet. The superman of pugilism had been turned into a "bum" by one knockdown and a pounding succession of drives from Schmeling's right hand.

Groggy for two rounds, Louis seemed to recover in the seventh round. He attacked and the mob was on its feet, ready to shift its allegiance as he banged at Schmeling.

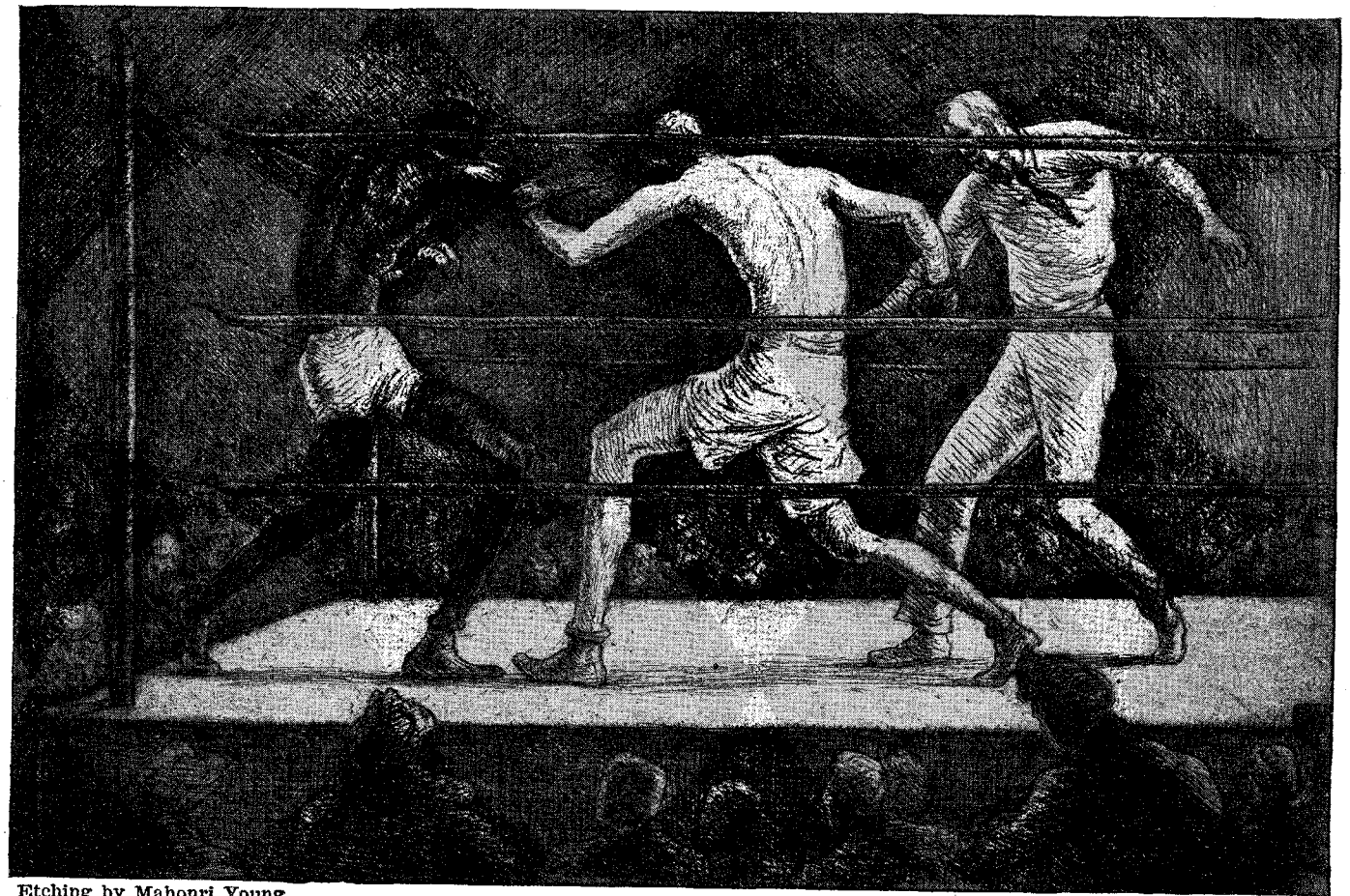
"He ain't hittin' Max! He's hittin' Maxie's gloves! Louis's face is hamboiger! It's hamboiger! He's a sucker for a poifict right! Go in with the right, Maxie, and you'll kill the yellow bum!" the smart Aleck with the binoculars crowed.

"Retaliate, Louis, retaliate!"

For eight rounds Schmeling punched Joe Louis into a state of bewildered, rubbery-legged semi-helplessness. Louis swung wildly, feebly. Before the end Schmeling was laughing at him. The German continued to fight cautiously, ploddingly, slugging away until he grew arm-weary. A few called to the referee to stop it. One fellow began yelling that Schmeling was a bum because he was taking so much time to knock out a thoroughly beaten man.

The roaring grew in volume. From behind, there came petulant repetitive cries for those in front to sit down. Schmeling was exhorted to polish Louis off; to kill him. Louis, utterly confused and swinging aimlessly, landed several low punches. He was booed. Then finally Schmeling straightened Louis up and bounced a last needless right off his face. Louis fell into the ropes, relaxed, slid on to the canvas, quivered, turned over. A long and lusty roar acclaimed the end of one superman and the elevation of another superman to supplant him in the sports columns.

The beaten heavyweight was led off, half dragged



Etching by Mahonri Young

Courtesy the Weyhe Gallery

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half carried, his face smothered in a towel. A last pitying but friendly cheer followed him. Schmeling departed, guarded by an aisle of policemen, waving and grinning at the plaudits which acknowledged him the hero of the evening.

In the dressing-room Schmeling stood under a spraying shower, surrounded by reporters, his dark hair sopped, answering questions with a heavy German accent. His middle covered with a towel, he crushed his way out of the shower to dress. Photographers clambered on chairs, and flashed his picture continuously. Reporters asked the winner how he had won, and solemnly copied his statements down on note paper. He said that Louis was a good boxer, but could be hit, and that Louis's punches had not hurt him seriously, except for the low ones.

"Hey, Max, please smile! I want you smiling and I'm finished," one of the photographers pleaded.

Again Schmeling was asked how he won, and his answers were noted. The experts described the statements as fine and excellent. He spoke of the "shampionship." He was congratulated tumultuously on all sides. His manager, a corpulent, slack-faced little man, was chewing a cigar, wiping oceans of perspiration from his brows, and chiding the experts who had picked Louis. A sweating radio announcer with a handkerchief strung around his neck was concluding his broadcast in a thick, insinuating, histrionic voice.

"Hey, Maxie, please smile! Hey, tell him to smile! I can't go home till I get a shot of him smiling. Hey, Max, smile for just a second!"

Schmeling was dressed now, gay, not worrying over his bruised eyes. He has dark hair, heavy brows, a long, bony face. He is an ox-like, genial, stupid-looking German, his features from some angles almost suggestively animalistic.

"Hey, please, get Max to smile. For Christ sake, I can't go home until I get him smiling!"

A few minutes later Schmeling broadcast a statement to Germany, where the Nazis will make political capital of the fight and claim that Max Schmeling's victory is a triumph for Hitler and Wotan.

Dressed in a loud gray suit, with a straw hat askew on his enormous head, Joe Louis sat bowed. The son of exploited Alabama cotton pickers, he had in two years earned around a million dollars in his so-called "meteoric" rise in the prize ring; he had just earned well over one hundred thousand dollars. Now he sat like a sickened animal. He is a large Negro boy with blown-out cheeks, fat lips, and an overdeveloped neck. His face was puffed and sore. He dabbed his eyes with a handkerchief, revealing bruised knuckles. His trainer bent down and whispered to him, calling him Chappie. A second massaged his neck. He sat dazed, stupefied from punishment. Again he dabbed his eyes. A Negro boxer who had won a preliminary bout on a technical knockout dressed in an outer room, explained how he had gone into the fight to win; he entered Louis's quarters, talked condolingly with him, departed. Photographers stood on chairs, awaiting Louis's exit, begging for just one picture. Loud cheers echoing from outside heralded Schmeling's departure. Louis sat, still punch drunk. He went out like a drunken man, surrounded by cops and members of his retinue, his face hidden behind a straw hat and the collar of his gray topcoat. Unsupported, he would have fallen. The helpless giant was pushed into a taxicab and hustled away while a crowd fought with the police to obtain a glance at him.

Youth in Hitler's Reich

By STEFAN HEYM

DURING Hitler's struggle for power a large percentage of his followers were young people. Many young Germans had been disappointed by the revolution of 1918 and the events that followed. They had believed that a thorough change in economic conditions was necessary; but the German democracy, even in its Social Democratic branch, was essentially conservative. In particular, petty-bourgeois idealists who regarded Versailles as a national humiliation were prone to dream about a strong *Reich*—a mixture of medievalism and modern imperialism; and Hitler seemed to offer this in his Third Reich.

Another section of German youth followed Hitler because he promised a social revolution which at the same time would be "national." They believed communism was "Russian," that it was "cruel," "unindividual," and "antinational"; they wanted a German revolution, a German socialism.

Beneath the idealism of both groups lay economic motives. The way of German youth was blocked. There was oversupply of academic youth; there was overproduction of apprentices, who streamed into the crafts and into the factories. The depression that was riding the world was hitting Germany especially hard. Before every young person rose the question: Where shall I go? They came from the schools, the shops; they knew their jobs well; they were able and industrious; they were willing to use their hands and their brains; but there was no place where they could make use of their ability.

Hitler promised a future, jobs, recovery, a new national honor. And to those who would support him actively by fighting in the S. A. or S. S., he offered three marks a day, food, uniforms, and an adventurous life. "Who has the youth," said the Nazi leaders, "has the future."

Today, after more than three years of German fascism, it is possible to cast up the accounts. What has been the

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fate of German youth; and does youth still support National Socialism to the extent that it did in 1933?

Those young people who are still working at their jobs are suffering from the steadily increasing cost of living. Wages have been reduced, since the old system of fixed wage scales has been found "undignified" for the German *Volksgemeinschaft,* the community of the nation. Here is an example of the wage conditions that face the young worker. In 1931 an apprentice in his first year received M. 5.85 ($2.34) a week; he receives today only M. 4.80 ($1.92). An apprentice in his fourth year, that is, an almost completely trained specialized worker, received $9.36 a week in 1931; today he receives $6.72. These figures have been taken from a printing shop in Saxony; they are exact for this shop, but of course not for all shops since there are no longer any general wage scales. But the figures are quite typical, and show the general tendency of the wage policy of the fascist government toward its much beloved youth.

Unemployment among young people has been decreased—at least officially—by two simple means. If one member of a family is working, the other members are not eligible for relief and consequently disappear from the lists of the unemployed. That is one device. The second is the *Arbeitsdienst,* the compulsory labor service. This has several advantages for the Nazi government. It serves as a recruiting school for the army. The year in the *Arbeitsdienst* is followed by one year's service in the army, and since the *Arbeitsdienst* is organized on military lines and supervised by army officers, the young men step into the army well trained. The *Arbeitsdienst,* furthermore, provides the state with cheap labor for public projects, "public" meaning military in the new Germany. The new strategic roads, for instance, have been built by the *Arbeitsdienst.* The government says that compulsory labor service is *Sozialismus der Tat,* or practical socialism, since it teaches the sons of the upper classes the value of manual labor. This is the same "socialism" that was called "Prussian" in the old imperial army.

But in spite of this "socialism," class distinctions persist. The ordinary man in the *Arbeitsdienst* gets some $3 a month, while the salaries of the officials range from the equivalent in marks of $2,000 to $4,800 a year. If we add to this amount the profits of the various rackets which have led to food riots in the camps, we can see that this kind of socialism offers unparalleled opportunities for graft. One of the popular songs of the boys in the work-camps goes:

> My son is in the *Arbeitsdienst,*
> So he is a Marathon-faster.

They sang it in their marches through the towns in order to put through their demands for better food.

Another means of decreasing the unemployment of youth is the so-called *Landhilfe.* Groups of boys and girls are sent to the country to work as farmhands. Theoretically they are maintained by the farmers and landowners. In reality the *Landhilfe* is a modern form of slavery which has helped to force down the low wages of rural day laborers; it is one of the many subsidies granted to the great Prussian landholders.

The consequences of the *Landhilfe* have been somewhat surprising to the government. Mothers threw themselves before the trains in which their children were to be transported to the country. The farewell scenes became so turbulent that the young men and women are no longer shipped from the main stations but from the freight stations outside the cities.

A great number of the young people in the *Landhilfe* could not stand the conditions and deserted. In Bavaria, for instance, there are today about 70,000 tramps, of whom two-thirds are boys under twenty-five. The government had to do something about this; so it ordered that the tramps be restricted to certain roads, that they report every night to the local officials, and that they regularly attend lectures about national problems. These tramps, the deserters from *Landhilfe* and *Arbeitsdienst,* disappear from the lists of the unemployed forever. They cannot return to their home cities, since they cannot get relief there. Every young German has to have his labor-book, and he can get relief only if he has been regularly released from *Landhilfe* or *Arbeitsdienst;* his conduct at the camp and the date of his release are registered in the labor-book.

The situation of the girls in the *Landhilfe* is even worse. They are at the mercy of the Nazi officials, the farm-owners, the farm superintendents. Many girls come back pregnant or with venereal diseases. This threatened to become a public scandal. In May, 1935, Dr. Goebbels's paper, *Der Angriff,* published a long editorial about the matter in an attempt to soothe the excited parents. The editorial was headed, "Products of a Tropical Fantasy!" A letter was quoted in which a *Landhilfe* girl wrote her mother that she would come back pregnant. Mother shouldn't worry, she said—thirty of the fifty girls in the camp were in the same condition. There was nothing immoral about it—Hitler had said that the German race was to be rapidly increased. *Der Angriff* called this letter a vicious lie, and declared that the number of pregnant girls in the country was no higher than in the city.

On my desk is a letter from Germany:

> DEAR E.: Some days ago three girls, two of them sisters, came back from the *Landhilfe*—all three of them pregnant—all three from the house next door. You can't imagine what a rebellion there is against the *Landhilfe* in our street. Those most excited are the mothers whose daughters are still in it, because they fear that the same thing will happen to their daughters. Just think—the girls lived on a big farm, and the manager of the farm, a married Nazi official, raped them. . . .

Some months ago the Government Bureau for Vocational Guidance applied to the National Socialist People's Relief Administration to obtain support for more than 2,000 girls of the *Landhilfe*—most of them under twenty—who had become pregnant during their service. So much for "tropical fantasies."

Service in the army is of course only a hidden form of unemployment. The 550,000 men born in 1914 and the 450,000 men of 1915 have been called to the colors—which means a million fewer young people on the labor market.

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From the age of six the German boy may enter the *Jungvolk* organization. At ten he advances to the Hitler Youth, where he stays until he is called into the *Arbeitsdienst* and the army. When the Hitler Youth was organized, the Nazis needed able and experienced leaders. These they found in the ranks of the German youth movement, in the *Wandervögel* and the Boy Scouts. The *Wandervögel* had its great past and romantic tradition. It had been a loose organization of dissatisfied but idealistic young men and women who wanted to get away from the disillusionment of the average daily life. They wanted to get away from the big cities, back to nature, back to the primitive. The best of the German youth had been in the *Wandervögel* before the war, in which most of them were killed.

Afterward the movement lost much of its original strength, and political discussions split its ranks. Some of its members went into the Socialist and Communist youth organizations, but the majority, following their petty-bourgeois instinct, went to the right. These were the *cadres* from which the Nazis recruited their leaders. But the young men who had once sworn "to build our own life according to our own responsibility, true to ourselves and to liberty," were bound to be disappointed by the political trickery, the military humiliation, and the stupid discipline which are all integral parts of German National Socialism.

The National Socialist press attacks as "Bolsheviks" those who try to maintain some decency in the Hitler Youth. In Leipzig former Boy Scouts have already been sentenced to prison terms for singing

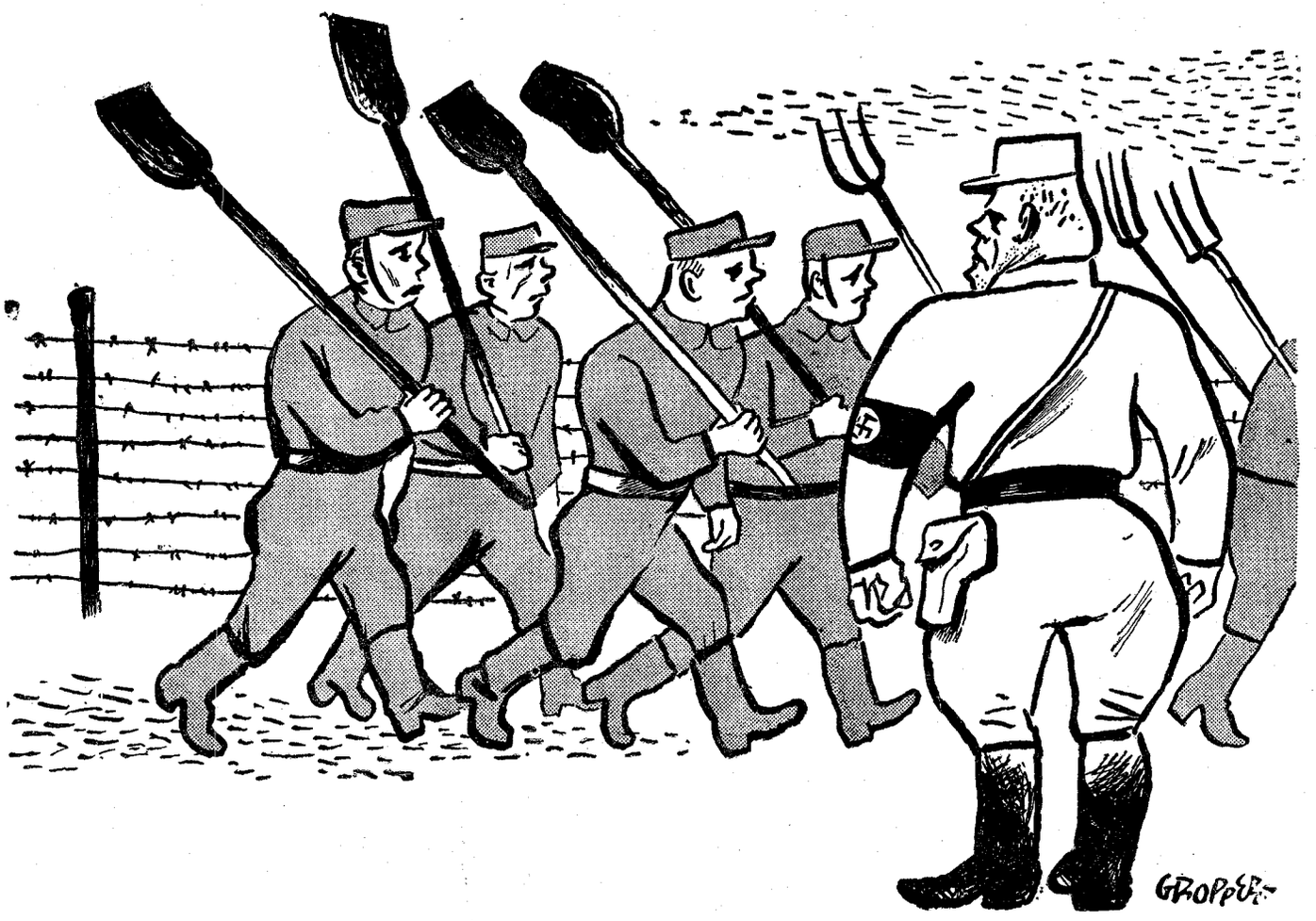
> Rübezahl [the ghost of a German mountain] let us tell to thee:
> Land and people are no longer free.
> Swing thy weapon as in olden days,
> Free the youth!

A letter from a Hitler Youth member says:

> How did we live in Camp S—, which is supposed to be an example for all other camps? We practically didn't have a minute of the day to ourselves. This isn't camp life, no sir! It's military barrack life! Drill starts right after a meager breakfast with marmalade. We would like to have athletics, but there isn't any. Instead, we have military exercises, down in the mud, till the tongue hangs out of your mouth; throwing of hand grenades, later "theoretical" instruction about military tactics. The few hours in which there isn't any military service are filled up by lectures. S..t! And they call them "cultural and political teachings"! They tell you things you've heard hundreds of times, about the "genius and greatness of the *Führer*," about the "soldier spirit of National Socialism" . . . and we have only one wish: sleep, sleep. . . .

Doctors, even Nazi doctors, are complaining that the members of the Hitler Youth are overworked by the incessant drilling. And on top of being overworked, they are undernourished because of the lowered standard of living at home.

Besides the boys and girls who for one reason or an-



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other have not joined the Hitler Youth but who will now be forced into the new youth service, there is one large group that has not been "coordinated"—the Catholic youth organizations. Catholic youth have been protected by the Concordat with the Pope. But a totalitarian state cannot allow any other organization to exist—"who controls youth controls the future"—and the general fight against the Catholic church strikes especially at its youth organizations. On November 19, 1935, the central office of the Catholic Youth in Düsseldorf was occupied by the secret state police, searched, closed, and sealed. Some days later the Catholic Youth magazine *Michael,* which had a circulation of 300,000, was suppressed, and its offices sealed. Members of Catholic youth organizations are forbidden to wear uniforms. Street battles between them and the Hitler groups occur almost daily in the Catholic regions, especially in the Rhineland.

One little episode from this fight: The priest of a town in the Saar had said that the race hatred of the Nazis is immoral. The local Nazi leader mobilized some members of the Hitler Youth and sent them to demonstrate before the house of the priest. The Catholic Youth of the town rallied thousands of people by ringing the big church-bell for an hour and a half. Catholics, Socialists, Communists came from all sides of the town to protect the priest. Meanwhile, the mayor had aroused the local S.A., but the S.A. refused to attack a crowd made up of their friends and neighbors. In the end, police had to be called from Saarbrücken, but they came too late, for the crowd had melted away, and everything was quiet. The priest was unharmed.

The threatened dissolution of the Catholic Youth is not the only consequence of the totalitarian experiment. Much has been written about the dissolution of the reactionary fraternities. The leading Nazis, who are of the lower middle class, always despised the aristocrats; the tighter their respective fates were bound together the more they despised them. And it suited their purpose to show the people how severely the Nazis fight against the "reaction." But the Nazis merely took away the external splendor of the fraternities; their social influence remained. As usual the "fight against reaction" concealed the essentially reactionary policies of the government. At the same time that the reactionary fraternities were dissolved, the petty-bourgeois *Burschenschaften,* which had revolutionary traditions dating back to the times of 1813 and 1848, were also dissolved, and their property confiscated. The tendency is clear. The state must not allow any organization except its own, because every non-Nazi organization is likely to become a center of opposition.

Students were devoted to Hitler in 1933, but the situation has changed considerably. On May 23, 1935, Reichsgovernor Kaufmann spoke before the students of Hamburg, saying: "The fact that not even 10 per cent of the student bodies collaborate with us actively, while the *Führer* is busy making up for the mistakes of a century, fills me with grief and sorrow." The Nazi dream of using the students as reactionary shock-troops against the people has not come true. On the contrary, three-quarters of all German student organizations have refused to send their members to the Nazis' military-training camps! If Hitler had or could have fulfilled the promises he made to the students they would still be ardent Nazis. But the situation of the German student is worse today than it ever was. What has happened to scholastic standards is well known. There have been student demonstrations against incompetent Nazi-appointed professors. In Munich, at the lectures of the Nazi Triwalla, the students, who are forced to attend, either read in class or sit with their backs toward the professor. But the lowering of standards would not by itself have caused opposition. The real reason is that Hitler offers students nothing for the future, unless death in the trenches may be considered a worth-while future.

The Nazis have eliminated Jews and other "undesirables" from the universities. They have established a *numerus clausus* for secondary-school students who want to enter the universities: university students are chosen for their "national reliability." Yet even to these chosen people the future offers nothing. Professor Meerwarth, a German statistician, estimates that Germany "needs" 1,200 to 1,400 new doctors a year. In the year 1934, 3,500 were graduated from the medical schools, in 1935 another 4,000, and in 1936 and 1937, 9,000 persons will take their degrees. By 1937 there will be 16,000 new doctors who began their studies in the pre-Hitler era. But Hitler's Third Reich is able to give bread and butter, as long as there is butter, to only 6,000 of them. In view of these figures the expulsion of Jewish and women doctors will not solve the employment problems of male Aryans. Moreover, the situation is even worse than it seems, for the Hitler regime has almost destroyed the social insurance that once practically maintained 90 per cent of all doctors.

In 1930 all teachers with an academic education were employed; by 1934, 20 per cent were without work and 40 per cent were teaching only part time. Since April, 1935, attendance at secondary schools has been limited by a new law. As for engineers, there are today more unemployed than in 1930. Even the *Völkische Beobachter* is forced to admit that "decent wage scales exist only in the biggest shops and in the municipal and state enterprises. In shops of small and medium size wages are paid according to private 'agreements.' " Generally, wages and salaries have decreased in the professions even more than among manual workers.

The government tries to restrict the number of students entering the universities. In 1935, 17,000 were allowed to study, in 1936 only 15,000, and in 1937 Nazi Germany will have made a further step in its advance backward when only 10,000 students will be allowed to enter the universities. Will this restriction solve the problem of unemployment? After several years Germany may cease to have an overproduction of professional people, but the problem of unemployment will have been pushed back to the secondary schools—and even to the primary schools. In steadily increasing numbers, students from the *Gymnasium* and the *Volksschule* join the ranks of the unemployed. The problem of unemployment among youth is connected with all other economic problems; and Hitler has shown no evidence of being able to solve them.

The question often arises whether the influence of Nazi propaganda on the minds of young people, beginning

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as it does at the tender age of six and never ending, will not prove fatal for Germany. This influence must not be minimized, but one historic fact must be recalled. In pre-war Germany young people were well educated to nationalism and imperialism in all the schools, and especially in secondary schools and universities. German students were the most enthusiastic volunteers—the best of them paid for their patriotism with their lives. Yet in October and November of 1918, at the secondary schools and universities, the first student soviets were organized.

Cherries Are Red in San Joaquin

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

Stockton, California

MAY is a rich, exciting month in the San Joaquin Valley. Vast hay meadows and alfalfa fields wave and ripple high and ripe in the breeze. Asparagus and beets need hoeing. There are onions, peas, potatoes, carrots. And cherries are red and must be picked in a hurry.

Migratory workers come to the valley from all sides, on foot and in prehistoric flivvers; and for a month from eight to nine thousand of them, mostly men, toil seven days a week. San Joaquin in May has work for nearly everybody who wants it, but wages are meager, ranging from seventeen to thirty cents an hour. You work hard under the hot sun and, lest you faint, you must eat solid food at least once a day; and that costs money. Evenings, unless you are a Spartan or very old, you crave, if not a girl who charges two bits, a glass of beer, and you drink two or three glasses against your better judgment. Thus you spend from day to day everything you earn, just to keep going. Then, with the last days of May, the rush is over, and through most of June only about three thousand temporary workers are needed in the valley; the chances are that you move on, with five thousand others, as poor as you were in April.

San Joaquin has many small farms owned and run by little people, most of whom are nice enough folk as husbands or wives or as parents or neighbors, and probably in other ways, but apt to be hard with migratory workers. The idea of paying the hands as little as possible and working them as hard as possible is in the air. Besides, caught in competition with the big corporation farms and ranches, the little people are "up against it," and some can't very well pay more than twenty-five cents an hour.

The big farms dominate—indirectly, but firmly—the valley's labor policy. They are owned by the big people in San Francisco and elsewhere, who are also in banking and shipping. Very often the land is leased, sometimes to Japanese; but in not a few cases the owners manage their farms, even if they happen to be big ones. Most operators, however, whether owners or lessees, turn the important work over to labor contractors or bosses. These contractors are Mexicans and Japanese, sprinkled with Americans and Italian-Americans, who, by and large, work on a shoestring. Petty would-be capitalists without money, trading in the energy and ability of others, they are bent of course on making as high a profit as possible. They have no labor camps or money for camps. Every morning between 4:30 and 5:30 they go into Stockton, the valley's principal city, and pick up a truckload of men, jamming as many as sixty or seventy into one truck. The trucks bring the men, ten, twenty, forty miles to the job, where they work an average of nine hours, and then are hauled back to town. They are paid only for actual time at work.

A few owner-operators have camps, but these are usually poor, showerless, and unsanitary. Some bunk and board the men and profit in the process. One man went out on a farm at two bits an hour and had to pay a dollar a day for board. He worked an hour in this field, two hours in that orchard, but received wages only for actual labor time—nothing for going from field to orchard—and on quitting collected $1.40 for three days' work. But his net earning was only forty cents, for he had paid an employment agent a dollar for the job!

In cherries, which probably are the most important business in May, the following system is generally in effect: The owner engages a labor contractor to pick and pack the crop. He furnishes ladders, buckets, and packing boxes. He pays the contractor from thirty-five to forty-five cents a bucket for picking. The contractor goes to the so-called "Skidway" or "slave market" at Market and Center streets in Stockton, hires the pickers at from twenty to thirty cents a bucket, and although his sole expense is that of running a truck or bus into town, makes from ten to fifteen cents on each bucket. The packing is a different process but is handled similarly.

At 4:45 a.m. streets around the Skidway in Stockton are jammed with men—Mexicans, Filipinos, Italians and other foreigners, Americans from Oklahoma and Arkansas and probably every other state in the Union. Last night some of them looked like bums. They drank. Some drank on the curb pints of wine charged with "dynamite." Some slept in fifteen-cent flophouses or in the open, or spent the night in two-bit brothels. "Why not? What else is there to this life?" But now, quarter to five, with the rich California sun well up in the blue sky, none look like bums. They are sober. Workers. Thousands of them waiting to be bought off the curb for a day.

Huge trucks with trailers pull in. They are after men for beets. Two bits an hour. No, no more! Smaller trucks for cherry pickers. Two bits a bucket. No, no more! One truck offers twenty-seven and a half cents a bucket. There

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is a rush. Fifty men climb aboard. The contractor only needs twenty. He picks his crew. The others climb down.

Most trucks and buses have no trouble filling up. But here is a guy—that is what the men call him—in checked overalls, a white man, an American, who calls out coaxingly to the dense crowd on the curb. "Royal Anns," he says. "Good pickin', no kiddin'." He looks around, waiting. "Some guys made four bucks apiece yesterday." "Yeah, them and who else?" retort two or three workers from the crowd. Others laugh. "Christ! I wouldn't horse you," says the boss. "Oh, no!" the men roar. They "know" the guy. They "know" several other guys, but this guy especially, and some of the fellows tell him from the curb what they think of him and what he did to a gang of cherry pickers a week ago. "Make it thirty-five cents and pay in advance!" He whines. He has two trucks to fill, wants sixty pickers. A woman in white pants who looks shyly at the men drives the other truck. She and the guy are working together. She is the sex appeal in the racket. Her pants are tight, and her arms bare, and her blouse is thin and low in front, showing part of her loose breasts. "Come on, boys!" she cries, "pickin' is real good where we're goin' today, near Lodi." But there is something decent in her, and she is genuinely embarrassed before all these men—Mexicans, Negroes, Filipinos, Slavs, Italians, and Americans, young and old—some of whom wince and smile sheepishly before her. She is a dame: what wouldn't a man do for a dame? And so, hungry in more ways than one, a few of them jump on her truck. The guy wants more and gives her a quick, sharp look. "Come on, boys!" she cries again and gives a gay little jump on the running-board so her breasts bounce in her blouse. By 5:30 the guy fills both trucks at two bits an hour, and he and the woman drive off with their loads.

A worker still on the curb says, "Christ! we'll never stick!" "The hell we won't!" says another worker. "This is their last trick. They gotta use women to get us." "We gotta organize," says a third man. "Organize, organize—" The word goes around.

There is talk of organizing on the Skidway every morning. In the fields there is talk. Then, evenings, in the beer-joints, in pool halls, in flophouses, on the curb. The "stiffs" and "bums," as they call themselves, discuss what happened lately in Salinas, in Watsonville, in Santa Maria, where the Fruit and Vegetable Workers' Union recently won some demands in the lettuce and celery fields. They discuss the vigilante terror in Imperial Valley and the bloody riots in the fields at Venice and Dominguez Junction, near Los Angeles. There are arguments. Someone always says, "But you can't organize us! We're here today, there tomorrow. Bums. Tramps. Who'll organize us? The A. F. of L.? They don't want us!" "The reds want us." "We don't want the reds." "We don't want no politics." "You don't, don't you? I guess you don't want more than two bits an hour, either, do you? And you want to work twelve hours and get paid for nine, do you? And you want to ride in trucks twenty, thirty, forty miles each way to the job and back, and have the guts jolted outa you, do you?" "Oh, nuts! We don't want the A. F. of L.; we don't want the reds, even if they want us. We just want to organize." "The reds are all right if they're like Harry Bridges. He's honest. Those guys on the docks in Frisco are making money. They're organized. What's the diff, reds or not reds?" "Who's behind this Fruit and Vegetable Workers' Union?" "Whoever it is, they're O.K. What we need is some kinda tie-up with Bridges and his outfit, the Maritime Federation. We are all workers." "We need somebody to show us how to organize, run a union, pull a strike, win demands."

There is talk of Paul Scharrenberg, the A. F. of L. villain in charge of "organization" in agricultural fields for twenty years. "He did a swell job for the bosses. He didn't organize a single local." "The hay-balers organized a coupla months ago, got a charter in Stockton, but the big shots in the A. F. of L. told 'em not to take in any field workers." "Those hay-balin' stiffs better take us in, because if they ever pull the pin on a job over chow or wages, you'll see what'll happen. A thousand stiffs will walk all over 'em and take their goddam jobs." "They don't want us. They are A. F. of L." "The top guys don't want us, sure, but we gotta talk to the stiffs, the rank and file. They'll take us in all right—if not right away, by and by." "Aw hell, we're just talkin'!" "Sure, we're talkin', but stiffs like us never talked before like we talk now; not since I. W. W. Stiffs like us are talkin' like this all over California, and there's close to three hundred thousand of us. That's a lot of stiffs, especially when most of 'em are talkin' the same thing. And what are we sayin'? Organize. We ain't got nothin' to lose and lots to gain. Look at those dock-wallopers in Frisco!"

One man asks another, "Are you a red?"

"Am I a red?" He reaches into his pocket and brings out three or four cherries. "Listen. Yesterday I picked cherries near Lodi and I stuck a few in my pocket." He crushes the cherries in his hand, then opens the hand. "This is how red I am." He laughs and everybody around him laughs.

It is 6:30, then 7:30; men are still talking on the Skidway; others are talking in the fields. At eight o'clock jobs begin to appear on the boards of employment agencies. Six men to hoe potatoes, seventeen and a half cents an hour. One hay hand, thirty dollars and board. You pay a dollar for the job.

"Organize—"

People who know anything about the agricultural labor situation in California hope and fear—some hope, others fear—that this summer there will be "hell to pay" in the rural districts and in the fields along the peripheries of large cities. Unions are being formed everywhere. Most of them are still small, some mere rank-and-file committees, but big enough to be effective centers of the growing union sentiment. Considerable strikes in July and August all over the state are almost a certainty, and the great agricultural interests, which are also the banking and shipping interests of California, are getting ready for them. Chiefs of police and sheriffs are well supplied with shotguns and tear bombs, strike-breaking agencies are busy and ready, and the high-ranking militia officers in the state are not unmindful of their importance in the impending struggle.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Racine, Wisconsin, June 28, 1944

AT LAST a civilized convention! I had not thought that I should live long enough to wind up my long career in political reporting by describing for the readers of *The Nation* a really serious and worthwhile national political gathering. Yes, I admit that the convention which nominated Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin just twenty years ago was a serious and dignified and generally creditable assembly. But this second quadrennial convention of the Farmer-Labor Party of America went far beyond the La Follette gathering in proving that we can have as effective and useful political convocations here as in England or in Russia. It has been a model from beginning to end and has admirably carried on the work begun four years ago. Then there was the confusion inevitably connected with the founding of a great party. Then there were only a few outstanding figures, and the long-drawn-out wrangle over the first platform and the fundamental principles to which the party should adhere had not yet been forgotten.

This year Racine was chosen because it has so long been known as one of the dullest, most reactionary, and most benighted of American communities, dominated by big business firms and the un-American American Legion, and long hostile to those guaranties of the Constitution which protect free speech and free assembly. In one sense the convention's coming here was a challenge to those who everywhere wrap themselves in the American flag, call all political opponents Bolsheviks, and then deliberately violate the fundamental law of the Republic. The final decision to come here, however, was due to the fact that in the main the inhabitants of Racine are without intellectual curiosity and therefore would not wish to invade the sessions of what was meant to be and has been a remarkable deliberative body, attended only, in addition to the delegates, by the duly accredited representatives of the press and some two hundred carefully selected spectators. Since all the proceedings were carried on the air, it was felt that no charge of exclusiveness or attempted secrecy could be brought against the convention for taking a small hall and restricting attendance to the representatives of national organizations known to be in sympathy with the domestic and international ends of the new party. Again, the avoidance of a great spectacle made it unnecessary to call upon citizens of Racine to put up money for the convention, or to regulate its duration not by the actual time needed for the transaction of business but by the time necessary for the hotel and boarding-house keepers to recoup themselves for their cash advances.

As the readers of *The Nation* are aware, the Resolutions Committee had held hearings in several cities during the previous two months, giving plenty of time for all interested to submit their views, and for the committee to deliberate upon the platform in a calm and a quiet worthy of the enormous importance of the issues involved—to the Republic and even to the outside world. Here in Racine the proposed platform was handed to every delegate on his arrival on Monday morning. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday were given over to debating its planks. While there were exceptions, the speakers in the main conducted themselves admirably. There are those who feel that the debate as a whole would have been worthy of the original drafters of the Constitution. Whatever else may be said about the proposed amendments to our fundamental law, no one can assert that they have been proposed hastily or without due consideration. The unanimity obtained has been simply remarkable. It is really a united and sincere front that is now presented to the country—achieved without vaudeville acts or other stunts, without music save for the organ accompaniment to the national anthem which opened each day's session. There has been no parading, no shouting, none of the childish features which have so long accompanied similar gatherings.

As for the candidates, the task of the convention was simplified by the fact that no one had any question about who the standard-bearer should be. Norman Thomas remains the outstanding figure in the new movement, as he was in the now disbanded Socialist Party, which went to pieces in 1936. His intellectual growth, his great oratorical development, his farsighted vision of what the new America ought to be, and above all his enlightened attitude on peace and war and international affairs generally—all these stamp him as the foremost American liberal. Having witnessed his mental development since the days many years ago when he was one of my lieutenants on *The Nation,* and even before that when he so manfully and nobly opposed our going into the fatal World War, I need hardly tell my readers of the happiness with which I listened throughout the sessions to his wise counsel, his unending humor, patience, and courtesy, his genuinely Christian spirituality, his inspiring leadership. The candidate for Vice-President, John Lewis, was also foreordained. America has never developed a more powerful or more determined labor leader.

Finally, I want to stress again my joy at having attended one really business-like, effective, and genuinely intellectual political convention, without humbug, cant, hypocrisy, or dictation by a handful of men meeting in private at 3 a.m. in somebody's bedroom. It has been a great democratic gathering, without unworthy compromises, with each and every man saying exactly what he thought without regard to consequences. Long live the Republic!

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BROUN'S PAGE

THE page for this issue is drawn wholly from "Frank Knox—American," a short biography of the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency written by Norman Beasley. This book was published during the pre-convention campaign and was released in short instalments by the various organizations supporting Colonel Knox for the Presidential nomination. It seems fair to assume that it is the official biography.

On page 100, which is part of a chapter entitled A Rough Rider in the World War, the following little incident in the Colonel's varied war-time activities is described:

"Camp Dix was not finished when draftees began to pour in to form the Seventy-eighth Division. Quarrels arose among the union workers over union jurisdiction. A Trenton electrical union ruled that the men working at Camp Dix had to join it, paying $10 initiation plus dues. Some of the union men resisted this ukase, and the Trenton workers walked out, trying to pull all union electrical workers on the job. Electrical work on the camp was not nearly complete. A strike meant delay in training work and in making the soldiers comfortable.

"Knox heard of the trouble and acted. He made a proposal to his superior officers, and it was accepted. He pulled out of the personnel files the cards of all the soldiers who had been electrical workers. He called them together. The story of the fight over union jurisdiction was explained to them. The men were asked whether they would carry on the electrical job dropped by the civilians. They roared approval. But they never went to work. When the union men heard of this, they rushed back to work. There was no more union trouble on any part of the construction."

But quite another side of Colonel Knox's attitude toward labor is given on page 182, where it is set down: "In spite of the high standards in every department of his newspaper and Knox's demands for efficiency from his organization, he is no martinet or slave driver. It does not take him long to learn first names or nicknames from top to bottom of his organizations."

On the same page there is a description of the Colonel's readiness and ability to meet any sort of labor emergency in any of his newspaper plants. Mr. Beasley writes: "Not through fear of him but through respect and liking for him, his employees give him their best. There is that kind of inspiration in his leadership—and he can still get down and do any job in the organization himself, from pressroom to circulation."

In speaking of the appointment of Colonel Knox to the position of "general manager of the Hearst newspapers" the biographer states:

"Measured in dollars, the business of not more than a half-dozen state governments in the Union is larger in volume than the Hearst newspaper enterprises. The gross revenues of the Hearst chain exceed one hundred millions a year and in normal years they are much higher. In 1932 the net cost of only four state governments exceeded one hundred millions. In 1935 only five state budgets exceeded that figure.

"The general managership of this vast newspaper empire, therefore, demands the highest kind of executive ability. Not more than a dozen governmental offices in the nation have duties and responsibilities as exacting and complex. Viewed solely as a business, the Hearst newspapers rank high among the large enterprises of the nation—but as businesses newspapers have complexities unknown to the industrial enterprise with several times their volume of business."

After his triumphant career with Hearst (celebrated in a chapter called Experiments in Budget Balancing) Colonel Knox moved on to purchase the Chicago *Daily News*. But before it was possible for him to acquire control he had to pass the scrutiny of other big business interests. This is described in a chapter called The Job Takes a Man, and Mr. Beasley writes as follows:

"Through General Dawes he met some of the *News* directors who were active in seeking a publisher. Among them were Sewell L. Avery, president of two great companies, the United States Gypsum Company and Montgomery Ward and Company; John Stuart, president of the Quaker Oats Company; and George E. Scott, president of American Steel Foundries. . . . Before the question had settled down to a semi-final decision, Director Avery went to New York to try to elicit from the heads of the great press associations some outstanding name to put under the composite picture of the new publisher of the *Daily News* as it had been projected from the many minds of the puzzled Chicago committee. These press-association heads know publishers. They deal with them and see them 'in the raw' every day. . . . From Charles Taylor, of the Boston *Globe*, and Adolph S. Ochs, of the New York *Times*, across the continent to Harry Chandler, of the Los Angeles *Times*, the verdict on Frank Knox for publisher of the Chicago *Daily News* was like that given by the heads of the great press associations—unanimous and without reservations. That decided it. On August 12, 1931, the executors announced in the *News* that the institution had been placed in the hands of Colonel Knox."

Unfortunately Mr. Beasley has not had time to bring his biography up to date and to mention the fact that in June, 1936, Colonel Knox was nominated for the Vice-Presidency of the United States through Hearst, Chandler, Montgomery Ward, Steel Foundries, and the other forces which picked him as publisher after his good service in balancing budgets in "an imperial newspaper organization."

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

SMOOTH-PAPER REALITY

BY DOROTHY VAN DOREN

IN THE parlance of the publishing trade, the "smooth-paper" magazines are those healthy, well-fed, lavishly illustrated papers which make life happier for the vast majority of the American reading public. They sell up in the hundreds of thousands, even in the millions; they usually cost a nickel or a dime. Although persons of a leftish inclination prefer not to believe it, they are the literature of the masses. And they reflect, not what the masses are feeling, but what they would like to feel. Their editors are confident that they know what the public wants. And successful editorial guessing shows quickly enough in the balance sheet.

All this is so familiar as hardly to need repeating. Occasionally, however, it is stated with a frankness and cynicism that merits comment. The *Author and Journalist,* published in Denver, is a trade paper for aspiring authors which gives advice on how to sell pap to the pulps. Mr. David Raffelock, one of the associate editors, in the March issue of this year surveys the writing field and comes out with recommendations which are doubtless practical and certainly offer food for thought. Mr. Raffelock points out that "two dominant movements will affect literature in the United States during the coming year." These, of course, are the "steady, powerful, imperious drive toward the right in economics, and the jerky, determined, bellicose pull toward the left." But Mr. Raffelock is in no doubt as to which side the checks will fall on: "Virtually the entire body of important markets, from quality group to pulps, will side with the rightists."

Forthcoming fiction, according to Mr. Raffelock, will evidence three distinct tendencies. The first of these is patriotism. Nor, in case there is any doubt about it, is this the patriotism so ably championed by the American Civil Liberties Union. It has very little to do with the the Bill of Rights and a whole lot to do with lamenting "the burden of a huge alien group," with decrying the "foreign" labor organizer, and with urging vigorously the return to "good old - fashioned rule by the Constitution that our fathers revered—while seeking to repeal it through laws curtailing civil rights and free speech." (Every so often one suspects that Mr. Raffelock is on the side of the angels.)

With Hearst and McFadden paving the way, the editors of *Collier's, Pictorial Review,* and the *Saturday Evening Post* may be expected to follow. Already these and a number of others "have printed stories deprecating Communists, Socialists, the Soviet Union, and radical labor leaders." And this brings us quite simply to Mr. Raffelock's third tendency. We may expect fiction—successful fiction, mind you—to be "glamorous and optimistic." The majority of readers are members of the lower middle class. Twelve million of them are still unemployed. But don't expect to mention that fact and be at the same time an editor's pet. The good old days are back again, is to be the slogan. After all, as Mr. Raffelock points out, there have always been "three million unemployed persons—the indolent, the weak, the incapable."

If it is the weak who have not made the grade, who are out of a job in a period of returning prosperity, then it follows that this is the era when the strong man will come into his own. "Stories of personal achievement will be welcome," says our mentor, "for they prepare for the coming of the Strong Man who will inevitably be necessary to preserve the status quo. This subtle adumbration of the coming Mussolini or Hitler will be sensed as highly desirable." And by an escapable logic, "Soon will come the recrudescence of the war story." War, after all, is more fun than anything else. War is just over the horizon. What is more natural than that editors should ask for its glorification? The pulp writers will be the beneficiaries, and a willing public, fed on the sweetness and suitability of a hero's death, will as usual be the dupes—this time before as well as after the fact.

Summer Reading

There was a time when an "Uncle Tom's Cabin," sentimental as it was, could burn its way through translations in twenty-three languages, could sell its millions of copies with ease. There was a time when a book like "The Jungle" could not only be a great popular success but fill a large portion of the

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reading public with horrified indignation. But if we are to believe Mr. Raffelock, the days of the great muckrakers, even of the great reformers, are past. A people almost crushed by six years of depression demands sweetness and light reading. The bitter truth can be read in the relief figures, can be seen in the men and women poring over rubbish barrels, can be reckoned in the statistics of undernourished children for whom maturity promises little beyond the amenities of trench warfare. But don't bring it up in the popular magazines.

Mr. Raffelock concludes that "the author in the forthcoming months and years will be required to write less of what he sees and believes and more of what publishers demand." Provided, of course, he wants to sell what he writes—which is a haunting wish in the back of most authors' minds. And it is altogether likely that Mr. Raffelock is right. The honest writer who refuses to accept a smooth-paper reality, being no Tolstoy, being not even a Harriet Beecher Stowe, can continue to content himself with a small audience. The checks will roll out in another direction from his own.

BOOKS

The Negro Question

THE NEGRO QUESTION IN THE UNITED STATES. By James S. Allen. International Publishers. $2.

THIS work will receive attention in many quarters because, bearing the imprint of International Publishers, it will be regarded as the Communist Party's official discussion of the American Negro question. The thesis of the book, that American Negroes are an oppressed nation whose problem can be solved only through "self-determination for the Black Belt," has been official Communist Party doctrine for several years, and Mr. Allen, the author of the present volume, has been its leading exponent. In fact, this book differs from Mr. Allen's various pamphlets on the subject principally in its length and more formidable statistics. The inclusion of these statistics was a mistake on Mr. Allen's part, for they demolish his thesis. When Mr. Allen and the party wrote in their pamphlets about the "Black Belt, the area of Negro majority," as a place where a Negro republic could be set up, there were doubtless many readers who reserved final judgment on the issue until they could see it more exhaustively analyzed. Mr. Allen here furnishes such analysis, and it seems to have produced grave doubts in his own mind.

In the Presidential campaign of 1932 the Communist Party issued a list of immediate demands, such as unemployment insurance, opposition to wage cuts, farm relief, and so forth. Number four on this list was "Equal rights for Negroes and self-determination for the Black Belt." But now, after having written this book, Mr. Allen declares: "If we have placed principal emphasis upon this right it is not because self-determination has become an immediate problem. . . . Self-determination is discussed here in detail because it is of the highest importance to chart the direction in which the movement for equal rights must develop if Negro liberation is to be obtained." Does this indicate that "self-determination for the Black Belt" is to be pushed farther and farther into the background or that it will ultimately be redefined as a name for the movement for Negro democratic rights? It would be encouraging if this were so, for the Communist Party has done excellent work in the fight for justice and equal rights for Negroes. It is responsible to no small extent for the marked progress made during these depression years in breaking down the barriers between white and black agricultural and industrial workers. Where it did this, however, it did not cry "self-determination for the Black Belt," a slogan emphasizing the existing serious divisions between the white and black sections of the working class, but called for unity and solidarity of black and white workers against their common enemies.

What is the "Black Belt, the area of Negro majority," whose self-determination has now been changed from an immediate demand to "a more ultimate program"? It is an area comprising 319 counties running from the coast of Virginia and North Carolina across the eastern border of Texas. In only 189 of these counties do Negroes form a majority of the population, and these counties, furthermore, do not form a contiguous area. In order to get this contiguous area it was necessary to select 130 additional counties with white majorities, but with not enough whites to cancel the black majorities in the original 189 counties. In order to create this contiguous territory, "the area of Negro majority," it was necessary to include three corridors of white majorities, whose contiguity with other white-majority areas was thus broken. But this does not complete the process of the gerrymander. To save the contiguous "area of Negro majority" it was also necessary to exclude over 160 counties of "border territory" which are quite as much a part of the area of Negro concentration as the white-majority counties included in the Black Belt. The inclusion of these "border" counties would bring the black proportion of the population in the section down to less than 45 per cent of the total. Mr. Allen therefore excludes them and obtains his "area of Negro majority"—a majority of 0.3 per cent.

This, moreover, is a very unstable majority. The tendency is toward dispersion rather than concentration of the Negro population in the Black Belt. In 1920 there were 220 counties with Negro majorities. In 1930 there were, according to Mr. Allen, but 189. Mr. Allen's figures show that in 1900 the Black Belt was 59.9 per cent Negro; in 1910, 57.7 per cent; in 1920, 53.6 per cent; in 1930, 50.3 per cent. During the same thirty years the percentage of Negroes in the border area around the "area of Negro majority" declined from 35.8 to 28.8. The period 1910-30 includes the years of the great mass migrations of the Negroes, first to the cities of the South and then to the great industrial centers of the North, which increased the combined Negro populations of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland, and Detroit by more than 315 per cent and made the Negro an integral part of the labor force in almost every major industry.

Since these facts and tendencies threaten Mr. Allen's position, he attempts to belittle them. The rate of reduction of Negro concentration in the Black Belt he declares to be "surprisingly low," while at the same time he attempts to wipe out the significance of the great migrations with quotation marks, referring to them as "'epoch-making' events" (the inside quotes are Mr. Allen's).

It is to the back-to-the-farm movement that Mr. Allen turns hopefully for the saving of his thesis. And what does he show? In 1932, 670,000 persons went back to Southern farms, while 441,000 still continued to move cityward. This net farm-moving balance included whites and blacks. Mr. Allen doesn't know how many blacks there were, but he hopes there

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were a lot. He doesn't know where they went, but he says they went "almost exclusively to the Black Belt farms." Yet today relief officials and social agencies tell us that the trek of the Negro farmers, thousands of whom were displaced by the AAA, continues cityward, while the Negro back-to-the-farm movement, despite all the 1932 ballyhoo, is not gaining.

Mr. Allen cites the example of successful self-determination in the Soviet Union as proof of the soundness of his proposal, ignoring the fact that Soviet nationalities are homogeneous groups with long cultural traditions and in practically exclusive occupation of the areas in which their republics are established. The American area of Negro concentration is shared equally by whites and blacks. There is no decisive black majority and there never was one. Even if the Negro majority in the Black Belt should exceed its high point of 60.3 (1880) there would still be no basis for Negro nationalism in this country. Mr. Allen quotes Stalin's definition of a nation as "a historically developed identity of language, territory, economic life, and psychology manifesting itself in an identity of culture." On the basis of this definition the American Negro is part and parcel of the American nation.

STERLING D. SPERO

Cult of the Sunflower

OSCAR WILDE DISCOVERS AMERICA. (1882). By Lloyd Lewis and Henry Justin Smith. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.50.

HAVING set the whole of London laughing at his production of "Patience," D'Oyly Carte determined that the whole of the United States should laugh, too, and casting around him for the necessary means he hit upon a really brilliant idea. "Patience" satirized the aesthetic movement in England, the cult of the lily and the sunflower. More than this, it possessed a character, Bunthorne by name, representative of masculine aestheticism, whose velvet knee-breeches, black silk stockings, and buckle shoes had fixed indelibly in the public mind the exact nature of an aesthetic apostle and poet. What better insurance for "Patience" than for the prototype of Bunthorne to be lecturing on his laughable cult at the same time as the stage Bunthorne was appearing in New York?

The scheme worked beautifully. Oscar Wilde, prototype in question, anxious to display himself before a whole continent, accepted the appointment as a sacrificial lamb and sailed for New York. And from the moment of his arrival Carte's success was assured.

The authors of "Oscar Wilde Discovers America" emphasize the contrast between Wilde and the North American scene in 1882. The aesthete stands out in relief so grotesquely that it is no wonder that he was mercilessly ridiculed by almost every section of the press. Wilde offered the abolition of the machine-made product in the home, the cultivation of Japanese design, the wearing of velvet in the place of broadcloth and of knee-breeches instead of trousers, flowing locks, flowers in laborers' rooms as a solution for working-class dissatisfaction, Chinese silk, and the destruction of all that was aesthetically obnoxious. These he proffered to a country wildly eager to invent, mechanize, and produce anything and everything that could be turned out en masse, at a time when everyone was speeding joyously away from the tedium and unfashionable slowness of handicraft. It was the day of Edison, of Grand Rapids furniture, of the vast spread and power of the new railroads, of the decline of the small farm as a self-supporting unit—in a word, it was the direct antithesis of all that Wilde had come to preach.

If it was an age of freaks also, Wilde was by no means the conventional freak, and his affectations and witticisms were either scorned or bitterly attacked. To read of his lecture tour in this book is to understand his failure, for at every port of call his complete incongruousness becomes more apparent. So much so that it is more interesting to study the exceptional occasions, to see which people realized that there was more in this infuriating young poseur than either he or the press suggested. Chief of these was Whitman, who talked a long while with Wilde, impressing him deeply, and afterward describing him as a "great big splendid boy . . . . frank and outspoken . . ." Julia Ward Howe was another to defend him strongly; also Joaquin Miller and Eugene Field. San Francisco gave him quite the most enthusiastic reception, and, unexpectedly enough, Denver and Leadville enjoyed him, perhaps chiefly because he carried his liquor so admirably.

By the time he reached London again the knee-breeches and the velvet coat had been thrown overboard, the locks were shorn, and the author of "The Importance of Being Earnest," was beginning to emerge. It was hard luck for the American public that the heavy task of stripping Wilde should have fallen on its shoulders. It was his first and worst public venture, yet underlying all that superficiality lay even then a dogged and courageous strain, which perhaps Whitman sensed. For all his lecture twaddle and foolery much fine work was to come from him in the future, and one should be mindful of this when reading the present account. Numbskull exhibitionists are always with us, but Oscar Wildes are more rare.

RICHARD VAUGHAN

A National Health Program

SECURITY AGAINST SICKNESS. By I. S. Falk. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $4.

HERE is a book which marshals the salient facts concerning the costs of medical care in a masterly manner, analyzes them objectively, describes and critically appraises both European and American plans for solving the social and professional problems involved in high medical costs, and lays a solid foundation of basic principles upon which a soundly conceived structure for security against sickness may be erected in America.

Dr. Falk has lifted the level of the debate on health insurance to a high plane. The reader who was unfamiliar with the bitterness engendered during recent years by this discussion would never suspect that Dr. Falk knew how insidiously the facts revealed by the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, whose scientific director he was, had been twisted by knaves to set a trap for fools. In fact, the reader of this remarkable volume by Dr. Falk will find no evidence that the author is aware of the stubborn opposition of "organized medicine" to any effective change in the economic relations of the medical profession to the public. Being lied about, Dr. Falk deals in no lies. Moreover, he ignores the liars.

Dr. Falk's book resembles the charge to the jury by a wise and high-minded judge who has weighed all the evidence and has listened to the arguments of counsel for both sides. It is a document which will profoundly influence the open-minded leaders of the medical profession. It is a work which the Social Security Board will not ignore. It is not too much to predict that "Security Against Sickness" will become a handbook not only for social workers interested in bringing adequate med-

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ical care to all the people, but also for physicians who are anxious to serve the public and to improve their own economic status; and that it will be used by members of federal and state legislatures as a basis for legislation that is bound to be adopted within the next few years.

Dr. Falk makes no attempt to review systematically the facts collected and compiled by the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care and other collaborating agencies. The task which he set himself, and which he has performed with such consummate skill, was "to define certain problems and to seek out as objectively and rigorously as possible the principles upon which constructive action should rest." His study starts with an analysis of the economic burdens created by illness, involving loss of earnings of workers disabled by sickness, the costs of medical care to them and their dependents, adequate medical service, the remuneration of doctors, dentists, nurses, the financing of hospitals, and other complex subjects. He then proceeds to a descriptive study and a critical analysis of European systems of health insurance, a knowledge of which is essential if the United States is to profit by the experience of other countries. This survey of the German, British, Danish, and other European systems forms about half of the volume. It involved the examination of a large variety of official and unofficial documents and travel in eight foreign countries for the purpose of personal inquiry. Each chapter devoted to the system of a particular country was critically examined before publication by government administrators, physicians, and non-medical authorities of that country. "When these studies were undertaken," says Dr. Falk, "attention was focused upon the problems which faced the American people and their government officers, private medical and dental practitioners, hospital administrators, philanthropic agencies, and others. Consequently this has been no cloistered research."

It can be said without fear of contradiction that no one in America, perhaps no one in the world, was so well equipped as Dr. Falk to give us a comprehensive and reliable analysis of the problems involved in the costs of medical care, nor is anyone so well qualified to answer the question which Dr. Falk himself raises, "How shall a program be formulated to furnish security against the costs of sickness?" While he was associate director of study in charge of research for the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, his staff over a period of five years issued the results of twenty-five fact-finding studies, interpreting the data and formulating the conclusions which flowed from them in a manner which met with the approval of this non-official committee of fifty prominent citizens, including representative physicians (a number of them high officials of the American Medical Association), public-health workers, dentists, nurses, hospital and other institutional authorities, educators, economists, sociologists, and others prominently engaged in public-welfare work. The essential facts set out in these studies remain unchallenged, although the unanimity with which the research studies were received did not apply to the committee's own recommendations. Thirty-five of a total of forty-eight members, however, subscribed to the majority report.

More than a million dollars contributed by eight of the leading philanthropic foundations went into the studies which laid the foundation for "Security Against Sickness." Moreover, this book represents supplementary studies carried out during the past three years with the financial support of the Milbank Memorial Fund.

The result is a clear, concise, dispassionate, and comprehensive treatment of the whole subject of the costs of medical care. Dr. Falk's book contains a searching analysis of solu-

SHALL MIKE LINDWAY SERVE 20 YEARS FOR LABOR?

Or Shall the Rules of Evidence by which the Well-To-Do Were Exempt from Prohibition Prosecutions Apply to Strikers in Whose Homes Dynamite Bombs Have Presumptively Been Planted?

Mike Lindway and Mary Leone
Mary Leone is Mike's orphaned niece from the old country. She came as Mike's troubles began. Now an attempt is made to take her from Mrs Lindway and put her in an orphanage. We say let Mike come home to them.

Mike Lindway worked his way from the coal mines to the position of master mechanic in Cleveland's National Screw & Mfg. Co.

He also worked his way into the hearts and confidence of his fellow workers.

The company held him largely responsible for the organization of the plant by Metal & Machinery Workers' Industrial Union No. 440 of the I.W.W. When the employes struck in February, 1935, to force the company to adhere to its promise of a wage increase, Lieutenant Glockner of the "Vandal Squad," personally interested in the company, set out to "get Mike."

When Mike was away from home, the "Vandal Squad" entered his home without a warrant, and with no witnesses present, proceeded to find a number of dynamite bombs. Full page ads paid for by the Associated Industries, and front page streamers obligingly contributed by the publishers, speedily convicted Mike despite the protests of the General Defense Committee that the "evidence" was not evidence at all, for it could readily have been—and we believe was—planted.

The Ohio Court of Appeals agreed that such evidence could not be accepted in court, and Mike left the penitentiary to go home to his wife. The Ohio Supreme Court, directly contradicting its previous decisions in numerous bootleg cases, and openly declaring that the search and seizure provisions of the Federal Constitution did not apply to Ohio officers, sent Mike back to the penitentiary.

Now to prevent this injustice, and, more important, to make sure that planted evidence can not be used to frame labor organizers and union men, we are appealing this case to the Supreme Court of the United States. We ask YOU to help us defray the necessary expense.

Send funds to Fred W. Thompson, Secretary

General Defense Committee

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tions, attempted and proposed, of the social and economic problems involved. It formulates the basic principles of an American program of group payment of medical costs with due regard to all parties concerned—physicians, dentists, hospitals, nurses, and all others legitimately engaged in providing medical services, as well as the public which receives and pays for them. No one interested in medical economics, public health, or social-welfare problems can afford to miss this book.

JOHN A. KINGSBURY

Two "Discoveries"

LOCOS. By Felipe Alfau. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.
VILLAGE CHRONICLE. By James McConnaughey. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

"VILLAGE CHRONICLE" is the second selection of the Discoverers, that little circle of the intimate friends of literature which has recently coalesced under the chaperonage of Farrar and Rinehart. To these Discoverers, five to eight times a year at approximately bi-monthly intervals, that publisher introduces his debutant authors. In the course of a year the members of the club receive five to eight limited, autographed, numbered first editions of the work of new writers. The snob appeal of this sales promotion stunt is plain. The idea is, of course, that these books will not be just any old first novels, but the first shy efforts of potentially valuable talents—"books," in Farrar and Rinehart's own words, "that cause an unmistakable sense of excitement to sweep our editorial offices."

The tragic flaw in the scheme is, clearly, the fact that in one year there are not five to eight new talents per publisher; indeed, there are not five to eight new talents. Farrar and Rinehart were lucky enough to get for its first Discoverers' selection "Locos," a bright, eccentric novel by Felipe Alfau, a young Spaniard writing in English. Its second, "Village Chronicle," by James McConnaughey, a young American writing grammatical English sentences, is heavily anti-climactic.

"Locos" was a witty, fantastic novel of modern Spain, a novel of forms and surfaces, demanding comparison not with literature but with art. In a general way it was related to the baroque tradition of architecture. More intimately and specifically it was concerned with the surréaliste movement in painting. The characters of the story, habitués of a bohemian resort called the Cafe of the Crazy, were dark, extravagant, grotesque. The laws that governed their behavior were the laws of the dream world: the plot was built out of time shifts, shifts of attributes, out of dislocations and distortions. Yet all that was strange, wild, and irrational in the matter of the novel was gracefully contradicted by the blandness of the manner. The style was an instrument of very great precision. It recalled the smooth miniature technique of Dali, the high polish of Pierre Roy. Those reviewers who were inspired by the instability of the characters of "Locos" to compare it with the plays of Pirandello missed the point. They ignored the glittering finish of the novel, the dégagé air of the author. Doggedly they tried to grapple with it as a novel of ideas, to wring philosophical concepts out of a formal decorative piece which Alfau himself described as "a comedy of gestures."

Felipe Alfau begged his readers not to take him seriously. It is the opposite favor Mr. McConnaughey asks of his public. His self-important manner insists that his story of intra-mural conflict and marital maladjustment in a Southern college town be digested with the greatest solemnity. The town in question is obviously Chapel Hill, where by all accounts there are a number of fairly alert professors, yet not a hint of intellectual razzle-dazzle is there in the entire novel. Mr. McConnaughey has the platitudinous touch; he invests whatever intellectual remarks he allows his characters to make with the air of familiar quotations. If this novel bears a resemblance to any art form, it is most like the domestic problem drama, which is surely the most threadbare art form we possess. In 357 pages of a novel Mr. McConnaughey conveys just as little information and the same *kind* of information about his characters as a thin, three-act present-day play would give. His elaborate accounts of the minutiae of people's routine physical behavior—their tooth brushing and window opening and hair combing—correspond to the stage directions the director would give his actors. At the one point toward the end of the book where the plot is actually running well, the reader feels an excitement which is almost identical with that felt by the habitual spectator of problem melodrama as he sits forward on his seat, full of pleasant, impatient irritation and nervous impulses to shout to the obtuse heroine that her husband really *does* love her. This form of masochism may be enjoyable, but it has very little to do with the aesthetic emotions. When Farrar and Rinehart assert of "Village Chronicle" that "this second selection of 'The Discoverers' is as fine and distinguished a novel as we have ever had the good fortune to publish," they do themselves an injustice.

MARY MCCARTHY

Lyrics in the Vernacular

A LETTER FROM PONTUS. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company. $2.

MASEFIELD, a romanticist in feeling, was nevertheless one of the first English poets to break with the tradition of Victorian superficiality and record the life of a real and simple people in their own speech. From the beginning he has written of small English villages and the people who lived in them, distilling poetry out of the commonplace and the familiar. His early poems were, as a result, denounced as vulgar and "unpoetic." Today, however, when simple diction, effective vulgarity, and story-poems about humble lives are again popular, his poems seem conventionality itself.

Of recent years we have had his numerous and highly characteristic narrative pieces. We have had his lyrics in which, as always, he has striven to fuse the essentials of ordinary life with the idealist's worship of beauty. Unfortunately, since Masefield has occupied the chair of English laureate, we have had, in addition, his purely "occasional" and perfunctory exercises, more British than Masefieldian, which constitute the principal chore of those who occupy this high office.

In this last book, however, we have the poet at his best in a volume that is preponderantly lyrical. The earlier tendency to contrast—sometimes falsely—the homely action with the idealistic vision is noticeably lacking. Instead, the sense of adventure and fruition rises with perfect simplicity from the real incident about which the poem is written. One of the finest lyrics in this collection, for example, is a description of a long automobile ride: the exact and literal details of the incident are employed throughout, and yet one is never permitted to lose sight of the fact that the journey is life's journey itself; and it is from this fact that the poem takes on its magical significance.

All the lyrics in this collection are in a quieter key than the earlier poems. Joseph Hodges or The Corn unites the theme of man's life with the theme of seasonal growth and harvest. The Will indicates Masefield's awareness of modern transitional confusions.

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Surely, by Will, he will blow clear
His trumpets that all ears shall hear,
And helping angels shall sweep near,
And banners of the soul advance
Into a new inheritance.

Masefield's sure belief in man's dignity is summed up in The Waggon-Maker, which furnishes another excellent illustration of his skill in merging the real with the ideal. Other poems, such as Nets, Westminster Hall, and the title piece, are in a vein of satire.

It has been Masefield's misfortune—by no means an unfamiliar one—to have been read with enthusiasm by all when young, and then read not at all. "A Letter from Pontus," however, should in some degree help to restore him to proper perspective. His early faults of taste and technique have been winnowed away, and his somewhat over-robust insistence on action, nobility, and high adventure of the spirit has been, if not lost, at least muted. We still have much to learn from Masefield in the art of using vigorous detail to communicate, with perfect simplicity and power, truths of more than passing poetic significance.

EDA LOU WALTON

Continental Nightmare

EUROPE UNDER THE TERROR. By John L. Spivak. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

HEREWITH a Connecticut Yankee, whose hobbies are photography and pistol-shooting, brings together the articles which he wrote last year after a five months' tour of Central Europe. Most of these pieces were originally published in the *New Masses*. The author may or may not deserve the title of "America's greatest reporter." But no journalist equals him in ability to create living word-photographs of the world's madness, or in ability to hit a news target in dead center. And no journalist approaches him in his capacity to get on the "inside" of situations closed to outsiders or in his extraordinary skill in the art of social and political analysis through the medium of literary impressionism. Almost without exception these pen-pictures are at once absorbing "human interest" stories and vastly illuminating characterizations of the consequences of war, economic breakdown, mass psychoses, and fascist impoverishment and oppression throughout the great region between the Mediterranean and the Baltic, the Vistula and the Rhine.

Spivak everywhere evades the censors and the secret police, meets the right people, asks the right questions, and records, simply and emphatically, the answers he receives. Here speak Italian officials, Hamburg dock workers, Polish bankers, Ruthenian peasants, Jewish farmers, Nazi gangsters, Communists disguised as Nazi gangsters, "underground" Socialists, slaves, rebels, plutocrats, and madmen. The stories can neither be summarized nor reviewed. They must be read. They read like melodramatic fiction, but they ring true. Fascist Europe is terrifying and unbelievable. Spivak makes it terrifyingly and unbelievably real. Starvation, futility, horror, political torture, and the shadow of sudden death haunt the people here described. Decadence and violence turn men and women into brutes, fit only for more decadence and violence. The conclusion to be drawn from these stark portraits is best stated by Spivak himself in his preface: "Over this almost incredible state of affairs I found the rulers squatting like huge birds of prey, watching with hawk-like sharpness lest their property and power be destroyed by the hungry millions. I talked with these rulers of vast political and financial empires and found

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them utterly bewildered as to what to do to save their crumbling possessions. They see their control threatened by the growing unrest. They see themselves washed by inexorable economic tides, and these leaders upon whom millions of lives depend are tragically helpless; and in their helplessness these leaders are stumbling toward an even more frightful war than the last in their despairing efforts to get out of the crisis."

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Dictators of Finance

RULERS OF AMERICA: A STUDY OF FINANCE CAPITAL. By Anna Rochester. International Publishers. $3.50.

PROBABLY no book that has appeared in recent years reflects as many contemporary trends in American thinking in the social sciences, and at the same time makes as original a contribution to the understanding of the economic organization of the United States as Miss Rochester's scholarly work. In the first place, in analyzing captains of industry it shows complete graduation from the glory-story tradition and from its puritanical inversion, muckraking. Similarly, in discussing concentration in industry it has gone far beyond the usual "trust-busting" treatment. Financial-industrial groups, the structure of control, and economic processes are stressed rather than personalities or mere corporate growth or the deviation of buccaneering ethics from the Sermon on the Mount. Second, it has advanced beyond the post neo-classical tendency to be satisfied with isolated, "objective" economic case studies. In contrast it combines a mass of detail into a significant synthesis. Third, it is part of a growing literature of American Marxian criticism based upon careful research into contemporary events, and not merely a reworking of chapter and verse. And, fourth, it goes deeper than the usual American treatise on politics, which discusses President, Congress, and Supreme Court, by showing that the effective rulers of America belong to a small oligarchy which dominates finance and industry. It makes more meaningless than ever the usual academic separation of the fields of government and economics.

The core of Miss Rochester's book is an amazingly painstaking and detailed study of interlocking directorships. It goes far beyond such earlier landmarks as the Pujo committee's report or Louis Stanley's ingenious "Spider Chart." Miss Rochester shows that there has been a continued increase in the number and size of large industrial corporations and banks since the beginning of the century, and that with this has gone greater concentration of control. In fact, since "control of capitalist industry rests upon the control of capital," American economic life has fallen largely under the domination of a few groups which have fused the functions of banking and industry under one control.

The most important of these groups are those centering around the House of Morgan, the Rockefellers, and the Mellons. The first two are by far the strongest, controlling in 1932 corporate assets of over ninety-three billion dollars. Their relative strength is roughly indicated by the fact that of the 200 largest non-banking corporations, those having 59 per cent of the total assets were linked to the Morgan group, and those having 27 per cent were linked to the Rockefeller group. The degree of control over corporations varies considerably. Miss Rochester, therefore, has listed by name each of the large and small non-banking and banking concerns coming under the Morgan or Rockefeller sphere in one of four groups, based on amount of control.

Miss Rochester clearly distinguishes between the significance of economic control and mere ownership, and summarizes the techniques employed by large financial groups to control companies which they own only partially or not at all. This discussion is based on the work of Berle and Means, and on various other sources. Complementary to this analysis is a passing summary of various methods used by financial and industrial groups to control government.

The second part of the book contains detailed studies of nine major industries, most of which have considerable importance for war purposes. The exposition of the relationship of American concerns to firms in the principal European countries where Wall Street engaged in refinancing operations after the war is especially striking. Although Miss Rochester does not say so explicitly, this is especially ominous in that the most important of these countries have since become fascist powers. One almost wishes that Miss Rochester had described what happens or might happen if the leaders of the three groups determined on a single policy and sent their orders all the way down the line. To what extent and for how long could these orders be followed?

But this question is in large part academic because, as Miss Rochester has pointed out, even the most highly developed monopoly under capitalism cannot entirely eliminate competition nor can it end the vigorous group rivalries for larger spheres of influence and greater private advantage. Thus, one finds companies within the same industry or in rival industries competing in many ways, although under the control of the same financial group. Or one finds that although the Morgan and Rockefeller groups control some concerns in common and join together in floating certain securities, they compete sharply for control in other industries. And in the international field, although agreements in the electrical manufacturing industry, for example, may give a monopoly of the United States to American manufacturers and of Germany to German concerns, competition between these groups is sharp in the open markets of the world.

Miss Rochester points to two special results of the rule of the great financial groups. First, that the 1 per cent of American families at the top of the income scale receive practically as much as the 42 per cent of the families at the bottom. And, second, that no companies have been more ruthless in their suppression of labor than those controlled by the Morgan, Rockefeller, and Mellon interests. Miss Rochester concludes that as yet the rulers of the great financial oligarchies are secure in their power. But she points to certain trends which foreshadow a future revolutionary crisis, and indicates that its outcome will depend on "the tried solidarity of the working class and its allies."

GEORGE MARSHALL

Through Alien Eyes

ALIEN AMERICANS. By B. Schrieke. The Viking Press. $2.50.

IT IS an indication of the despair with which attempts to find solutions of the race problem are made in this country that an organization such as the Rosenwald Fund, which for years has dedicated its resources primarily to this end, should feel impelled to call upon Dr. Schrieke, a Dutch colonial official entirely without previous contact with this country, to assess the situation and propose remedies for it.

Dr. Schrieke is a shrewd man of excellent training, and an honest and keen observer. Yet essentially he tells us nothing that has not been better said by American students of the

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problem; even his approach, which is to consider all American minorities as a unit, is one which its originator, Donald Young, has employed with incomparably greater thoroughness and to far better effect. The historical setting of each group considered by Dr. Schrieke—the Chinese and Japanese in California, the Mexicans and Indians, the aliens and the Negroes—is sketched in broad strokes, and then the author gives his observations concerning the life of that group. These are, however, often personal and anecdotal, and in many cases unjustifiably broad generalizations are drawn from them. Thus, in analyzing the policies of the Indian Bureau and their results to date, only the Navajo tribe is discussed at any length, the others being dismissed with the dictum that they "sooner or later . . . will disappear in the 'melting-pot.'"

In the section on the Negro, where Dr. Schrieke employs a curious yet not ineffective folkloristic-psychoanalytic approach, a certain novelty of concept is apparent. As he sees it, the racial situation in the South today is to be explained by the perpetuation of the "legend" of the graciousness of ante bellum plantation life, and the "fear" for which whites strive to compensate in the face of the Negro majority among whom they live. The author here has put his finger on a point that is usually neglected, for this fear, which was inspired in the slave South and today lingers on there as it does in the West Indies, is the ever-present fear of Negro insurrection.

Considering the book as a whole, one is forced to the conclusion that its greatest value will be to bring about a realization that however well trained an investigator may be in the problems incident to the administration and teaching of natives in European colonies, the race problem in America is a phenomenon of such a different order that his pronouncements will of necessity be superficial and in the end contribute little to a solution.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

Shorter Notices

THE BEST SHORT STORIES 1936 AND THE YEARBOOK OF THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

Punctuality continues to be the chief virtue of Edward J. O'Brien's annual compilations of "best" short stories. In the present year of our Lord Mr. O'Brien confers the routine laurels upon the routine war horses, drawing one-third of his sustenance somewhat absent-mindedly from the pages of *Story*. We note again the names of Morley Callaghan, Dorothy Canfield, William Faulkner, Martha Foley, Manuel Komroff, Tess Slesinger, and Thomas Wolfe, all of whom are represented by pieces of no more than average competence. Mr. O'Brien's gold star for improvement this year goes to the Middle Western *American Prefaces*. Its representative, one Robert Whitehand, contributes an ingenuous little vignette in the young-love-on-a-hilltop genre, to which our editor is partial because, as he comments sunnily, "innocence is a rare thing in American life." Among the better pieces may be cited Katherine Anne Porter's magically evocative The Grave, Meridel Le Sueur's highly Mansfieldian Annunciation, S. S. Field's Torrent of Darkness, and Michael Fessier's diverting That's What Happened to Me. None of these stories, however, with the exception of Miss Porter's, seems to this reviewer sufficiently above the level of work published in a half-dozen similar periodicals during the past year to warrant reprinting here under the guise of a "best" short story. Mr. O'Brien's comments on his selections set a new precedent of obtuseness, and more than confirm our sus-

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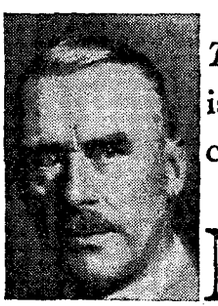

The Nation (see last week's issue) has joined the chorus of critical acclaim which greeted

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\+ + +

"The work the WPA is doing in taking the theatre to far places and making it known to new publics is pretty definitely constructive and worth while."—*Burns Mantle, The News.*

\+ + +

" . . . it is possible to look back on one of the most significant dramatic seasons in many a year. And, upon further reflection, it is interesting to note that one of the elements contributing to its significance was the WPA Federal Theatre."—*Robert Garland, World-Telegram.*

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picions that the editor has died in harness, of recent years, even though he continues to drag his juggernaut behind him. His marginal rubrics constitute the real prize package of the present volume.

LABOR FACT BOOK III. Prepared by the Labor Research Association. International Publishers. $1.

The third Labor Fact Book presents a succinct but fairly complete picture of present-day developments in the United States as they affect the working class. It contains, for example, an admirable summary of political and economic trends during the second and third years of the New Deal, an analysis of workers' conditions, and a section on recent developments in the labor movement. A distinct innovation in a book of this type is a very valuable chapter on professional workers, prepared by the research division of the Inter-Professional Association. The few pages on agriculture which appeared in the second volume have been considerably expanded, and a new section has been added dealing with civil rights and fascist trends in the United States. As is the case with all the Labor Research Association's work, the facts and statistics have been carefully compiled and checked, and may be taken as reliable. The interpretation of the facts will not be acceptable to the American Manufacturers' Association or the Liberty League, but it is careful and reasonably objective. For those who desire a concise, readable, and accurate reference book on the status of labor and the radical movement in 1936 "Labor Fact Book III" will prove a valuable supplement to the earlier volumes.

THE WORLD OVER. By Edith Wharton. D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.

Why Mrs. Wharton should ever have allowed these slick little bits to be exhumed from the files of the ladies' magazines is difficult to determine. Probably they read very nicely between the advertisements, but here they seem a very ordinary vintage. Nor do they tend to lessen the suspicion that our memories of her accepted works have been tinted somewhat rosily by time. Mrs. Wharton's style, of course, is still impeccable: crisp, succinct, and above all, taut. But the best to be said of the best piece here, Charm Incorporated, is that it would make a sprightly skit for some revue. As for the other tales—they can charitably be ignored. It is far more satisfying to remember "Ethan Frome" with gratitude.

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Letters to the Editors

PRISONERS ON PAROLE

Dear Sirs: We who are officials in parole work—who actually know something about it—are getting weary and a little angry. Day after day we read the steady output of propaganda against the parole system. We are accused of being "sentimental nincompoops" who cost the taxpayer money and aid the criminal. We are even told that most crimes are committed by paroled prisoners. Actually in New York state slightly over 4 per cent of all prisoners on parole commit new crimes. In my own state, Pennsylvania, the percentage is just about 4 per cent. For federal prisoners on parole it happens to be under 2 per cent.

As a member of the Pennsylvania Department of Pardons and Parole, I am in charge of paroled prisoners in one-sixth of the second most thickly populated state in the land. My territory is filled with great industrial cities, is crowded with foreign born, has plenty of men on parole. I have my files, I know the figures. I can speak with some knowledge.

What are the reasons for parole? First, all criminologists realize that much crime is committed on the impulse of the moment; that is, although the individual has broken the rules of society, he is not necessarily a criminal. He should be punished (if you like that word), but he should also be given another chance. Thus in most states the average sentence is based upon the fact that sooner or later, if the imprisoned man earns the right, he will be given opportunity for parole.

Suppose he does come out on parole. It's no bed of roses. He reports within twenty-four hours to his parole officer and is told that any infraction of the six parole rules means a return to prison. We do not have to wait for any judge to send him back. We can send him back ourselves. And what are the rules? (1) He cannot drive a car without our consent. (2) He must report promptly once a month—and is visited once a month by his agent. (3) He cannot marry without our consent or without obtaining health certificates for both parties. (4) He cannot associate with other paroled prisoners or with persons who have been in penal institutions. (5) He must be in by 10:30 each night. (6) He must always keep us informed about where he is living and where he is working. We watch these men so well that only 4 per cent commit new crimes; only 14 per cent are returned for violation of rules.

The second reason for parole is to save the taxpayer money. In Pennsylvania it costs about $600 a year to keep a man in a state institution. In New York it costs a little more than $650 a year. But we can care for a paroled prisoner for about $40 a year. In New York the cost is almost $70. We can supervise a man on parole for ten years for about $400, whereas it would cost $6,000 to keep him in prison for that length of time. In my state, for less than $250,000 a year, we look after 6,000 paroled prisoners. In prison they would cost the state over $3,500,000. Where does the extra cost of the parole system come in?

"Parole empties our prisons, casts the criminal out into society." This is not true. It is difficult to get out on parole. First, a man's conduct in prison must have been good. And even after the application has been made, there is no certainty that the Pardon Board will grant a parole. When a prisoner applies for a hearing before the Pardon Board, he fills out a long blank. He must describe from his own viewpoint the crime he committed, must say where he is to work, tell about his family, his previous record—everything about himself. The application costs $10. It is sent to the Pardon Board. It then goes to the Senior Agent of the district in which the prisoner hopes to live if paroled. We investigate every statement in the application. We go far beyond anything the court ever did. We recheck his crime, the lawyer who defended him, the witnesses. We go into his family history, try to discover what sort of home he comes from and will return to. We look carefully into the character of the man for whom he is to work. We decide whether he has told the truth. If he has not, he has no chance to be paroled. If we do not like the place where he is to live, we say so; and he must find a new one. Our reports go to the Board of Pardons, which bases its decisions on our findings and conclusions. Less than 10 per cent of the applications for parole are granted. Sentiment never enters into consideration. Instead of being weak-minded, our parole officers are well grounded in science and criminology. We have much the same attitude toward our charges as a doctor has toward his patients.

You hear a good deal about the criminal being a moron, about his mental age being far below that of the individual outside the prison walls. But Warden Lawes of Sing Sing remarked once that the men inside his prison were of slightly greater mental age than the men outside. Well, it's true. My records show that the hundreds of paroled prisoners in my district have a mental age of between thirteen and a half and fourteen and a half. The army tests showed that 71 per cent of America acts and thinks as does the thirteen-year-old child. The man in prison is of average mentality. He is just like the man who lives next door to you, save for one thing. And that one thing makes all the difference in the world. The average criminal is not emotionally stable.

It is time somebody told the truth about parole. It is far from perfect, but it is a sincere effort to aid those who have done wrong. It does save the taxpayer and it does rehabilitate the criminal. It does not empty our prisons, and most crimes are *not* committed by paroled prisoners.

CHARLES J. DUTTON

Erie, Pa., May 15

FOLLOWING THE PACK

Dear Sirs: Please allow me to commend you for the sane and humane editorial Parole and Murder, in your issue of May 6.

I am a clubwoman, and I have been increasingly bewildered and incensed by the attitude of our club leaders, an attitude of growing ferocity toward the crime problem. Dignified, elderly women, with means of course, trot hither and yon gathering data on the parole system and criminals. Without exception they recommend tightening up the laws governing terms and paroles. It amazes me when a benign-looking lady with silver hair rolls the "r" in the word criminal with such ferocious emphasis that mentally you can see her following a pack of hounds to be in at the kill. In the same breath they render lip service to rehabilitation. I ask them why they want to rehabilitate the criminal if they are going to send him back into the same sick world that made

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him one, and the answer is mostly a lot of utter nonsense about his moral stamina. If he has any, he will win respectability in spite of terrible odds; if not, then the prison is waiting for him. How cruel!

I have been suspicious of the effect of broadcasts of various police departments all over the nation, glorifying their fascist methods and making detectives out of our children, but I had not realized the extent of the responsibility which rests on the press for stifling decent, humane treatment toward the criminal, to say nothing of poisoning the minds of a whole nation against any rehabilitation program that may be offered.

MADELYN A. CRAMER

San Diego, Cal., June 12

LAWS FOR WOMEN

Dear Sirs: My attention has been called to an editorial in *The Nation* of June 10 which takes up the question of labor legislation for women workers, calls such legislation discriminatory, and in order to prove that such labor legislation has no value to the women workers says, "Leaving aside the fact that the researches of the Women's Bureau have found these safeguards to be of rather doubtful benefit to women workers . . ."

I do not know, and you do not specify, what researches of the Women's Bureau would lead to the conclusion that you have stated in the foregoing words. What has been shown in Women's Bureau investigations is that legislative restrictions on work hours for women have not ordinarily tended to decrease their employment. The fact is that various surveys made by the bureau have indicated the advantages of labor legislation to working women. I have space here to cite only a few examples.

Reference to an early publication, Women's Bureau Bulletin 15, issued in 1921 and reporting upon the employment of women in industries in two states selected because of their comparable industrial character, shows that in the one state, under a law limiting women's work hours to forty-eight, women's employment had increased 9.2 per cent in a six months' period over a period before the law went into operation, while in the same period their employment had declined 3.1 per cent in the other state, which permitted women to work up to sixty hours a week. This shows a very decided advantage to women from such a law.

Furthermore, while nearly all states have some type of hour legislation for women, restriction of their hours to forty-eight a week in manufacturing industries had been made in only seven states prior to 1930 and has been made in only three others since, though it is common knowledge that most men in this country enjoy scheduled hours of labor no longer than this.

In seventeen states in which industrial surveys of women's work have been made by the Women's Bureau and which do not have a forty-eight-hour weekly limit, large numbers of women were found actually working fifty-four hours or more in the week; in seven of these states practically half or more than half of the women reported had worked fifty-four hours or longer, in two of them more than 80 per cent had worked as long, and in some cases appreciable numbers of women were working sixty hours or longer. Certainly this is strong testimony to the fact that legal restrictions of hours have been a benefit to women. Moreover, their employment is not lessened by such restrictions. In the seven states limiting hours to forty-eight before 1930, women's employment had increased more than men's; in several of them this increase was two or three times as great as that for men.

A recent publication of the Women's Bureau, Bulletin 137, shows the substantial wage increases that have resulted to women under minimum-wage laws in various states. It shows, for instance, that in one state, prior to the issuance of a minimum-wage order applying to retail stores, 78 per cent of the women in such establishments received less than the minimum fixed, while immediately after the order this proportion was reduced to 32 per cent, and later, during the life of the order, was still further reduced.

This is but one of many indications of the extent to which women have benefited from minimum-wage laws. In New York, for example, women in laundries received average weekly pay of $10.41 for a forty-five-hour week before a wage order fixed a minimum, but after the order this rose in six months' time to $12.12 for a forty-hour week. Women's earnings in laundries had increased 29 per cent from November, 1933, to November, 1935, while their earnings in the manufacturing industries had increased only 17 per cent. Similarly in Ohio in the dry-cleaning industry the increase under a wage order was from $10.65 for an average week of 41.5 hours to $13.90 for an average week of 36.7 hours, a wage advance of 30 per cent, and the proportion of women to men employed increased from 36.9 to 38.6 per cent.

These and other data that I might cite do point very definitely to the benefits working women receive from labor legislation.

MARY ANDERSON, Director, Women's Bureau, United States Department of Labor

Washington, June 16

NO BOUQUETS

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on your gallant if abortive attempt to stride nonchalantly both north and south at the same time across the battlefront of women in industry! In your issue of June 10 you carry one of the best of the week's editorials in condemnation of the adverse decision of the Supreme Court on the New York minimum-wage law for women; on the opposite page we read your curious expression of sympathy for the so-called "equal rights" amendment sponsored by the Woman's Party and now reported from the subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee.

Ceaselessly the Woman's Party obstructs, damages, and misconstrues, perversely bent upon the destruction of the women's code, and all in the name of a so-called "equality" of the sexes. Much of their work is of course important and valuable, as in the case of citizenship treaties. But one cannot watch the work of Alice Paul's successor, Doris Stevens, without wondering why she does not apply her manifest ability and resourcefulness to achieving the same ends by a less costly method than the promotion of an amendment so deceptively statesman-like in its economy of words that it would be destined, should it by any miracle be passed, to keep us embroiled with the courts for at least a generation.

CONSTANCE LEUPP TODD

New York, June 8

[With reference to Miss Anderson's letter, in speaking of the Women's Bureau's researches we had in mind such statements as that in Bulletin 6 (on the employment of women in hazardous industries): ". . . in most cases the laws which prohibit their employment have little bearing on the real hazards to which they are exposed. . . . It is very possible that under the guise of 'protection' women may be shut out from occupations which are really less harmful to them than much of the tedious heavy work both in the home and the factory which has long been considered their special province. Safe standards of work for women must be safe standards for men also if women are to have an equal chance in industry." Also the following from Bul-

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letin 26: "Unfortunately this minimum [wage] rate [set in state laws] is often so low that when the cost of living increases it becomes totally inadequate"; and the following from Bulletin 61, on the development of minimum-wage laws from 1912 to 1927: "This report has discussed in detail the relation of minimum rates to the cost of living and to changes in the cost of living. It has shown that very few minimum rates equaled the cost of living, and that later rates often did not advance enough to maintain the level set by the first rate." Since other investigations by the bureau have shown, as Miss Anderson's letter points out, that social legislation has been of definite benefit to women, we welcome the fact as providing support for our main contention in the sentence from which she quotes, that "there seems to be no good reason why men workers should be left to secure indirectly and fortuitously such benefits as social legislation may guarantee."

As for Mrs. Todd's letter, the inconsistency to which she objects is not apparent to us. *The Nation* is in favor of social legislation, even when it is inadequate and badly enforced, as it often is; and not for women workers only, but for all workers. Upon the decision of the Supreme Court in the Tipaldo case, as we stated in our editorial, "depended not only minimum-wage laws for women in New York and other states, but *any kind of genuine attempt to enforce adequate labor and social legislation by the states.*" Hence our criticism of that decision. We take this occasion to remark that our indorsement of the equal-rights amendment implied no indorsement of the Woman's Party.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

CONTRIBUTORS

PAUL W. WARD, who reports Washington politics from the inside each week for *The Nation,* made the great trek to Topeka to visit Governor Landon and find out what makes him run.

FERDINAND LUNDBERG is the author of "Imperial Hearst. A Social Biography."

JAMES T. FARRELL, who had the title role in Edmund Wilson's article, Novelist Bites Critic, in last week's *Nation,* is the author of the "Studs Lonigan" trilogy. More recently he has published "A Note on Literary Criticism."

STEFAN HEYM was active in the German youth movement until he had to go into exile because certain of his plays and poems published in the *Weltbühne* and the *Tagebuch* angered the Nazis. He is now doing literary research work in America and acting as correspondent for several newspapers in Prague.

LOUIS ADAMIC in the course of a recent tour of California visited the San Joaquin Valley during the spring picking season. He is the author of "Dynamite," a study of class violence in America, two autobiographical books, and a novel, and has contributed to *The Nation* and other periodicals accounts of recent labor crises which mark him as one of our outstanding labor journalists.

STERLING D. SPERO was a member of the research staff which prepared "Labor and Government," published by the Twentieth Century Fund. He is coauthor with Abram L. Harris of "The Black Worker."

RICHARD VAUGHAN is an English novelist, author of "Chalk and Cheese"; a book reviewer for the English weekly *Time and Tide;* and the translator of Dr. Alfred Adler's forthcoming book, "A Challenge to Mankind."

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THE *Nation* 70 YEARS AGO

June, 1866

DECENCY AND DIVORCE

Judging from the divorce returns, marriage is in a fair way of becoming merely temporary cohabitation, depending for its duration on the whim or caprice of either party. We are not here . . . laying down any rules as to the grounds on which divorces ought to be granted, but we think the slovenly haste with which the courts grant them is scandalous and pernicious to the best interests of society. The family is the bond which keeps the state together, and every man and woman in the community has the strongest interest in having every husband and wife compelled to live together as long as they can possibly stand it without injury to health and morals.

INSURANCE AGAINST STRIKES

There is no graver problem occupying the public mind just now than how the dispute between labor and capital is to be adjusted. It seems to us that the masters may take a leaf out of the book of the men as to this matter. How is it that strikes are possible? Because all, or almost all, the operatives, above the merest day laborers, belong to a kind of mutual insurance company for the protection of their rights. Now what is to hinder a combination of employers of labor to counteract this mischievous intermeddling with the laws of demand and supply? An analogous association of large and small capitalists having for its object to make effective resistance to strikes by dividing the losses on the principle of mutual insurance companies would soon put the matter to rest on its right basis.

PARIS GOSSIP

Bonnets are growing smaller and smaller, but as they now consist mainly of a flower and a pair of strings, they can hardly diminish much more. . . . In crinolines the reduction of circumference is also very appreciable; the two new forms of this season, viz., the "Empire" and the "Victoria," being hooped only below the hips, constitute a decided commencement of return toward the proportions of Mother Nature. . . . The other night at a musical soirée given by the popular artist Gustave Doré, Liszt played his new composition, "Dante," which being highly Wagnerian would have been simply unbearable but for Liszt's almost superhuman playing.

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